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CHRONICLE.

NOTHING of great moment has taken place in Parliament during the past week. There are no hair's-breadth escapes of the Government to record. Its time lately has been, in the main, devoted to the introduction of Government Bills and the consideration of the Supplementary Estimates. Mr. Asquith's ideas on the amendment and extension of the Factory and Truck Acts have met with almost universal approval; the Conciliation Bill, introduced by poor Mr. Bryce, found Mr. Chamberlain in a very unconciliatory mood; whilst the discussion on the Burials Bill was fittingly characterized by gloomy dullness.

Mr. Gladstone's principle of showing trust in the people by concealing his intentions from them is finding favour among his present parliamentary pupils, and Mr. Morley evidently thinks of extending the practice in the House of Commons. By so doing on Monday, he secured for his Irish Land Bill a certain modicum of approval even from Mr. Carson, Mr. T. W. Russell, and Colonel Saunderson. On Wednesday, however, Mr. Morley "wished to correct a not very important misstatement which slipped through the other night." It is interesting to know what Mr. Morley considers "not very important"; it is the right of an Irish landlord to deal with his own property if once he has entered into negotiations with a proposing tenant under the Bill.

Ismail Pasha, whose ashes have gone back for burial to the Cairo whence he himself was exiled sixteen years ago, was at once the product and the victim of the Second Empire. His education and most impressive early associations were Parisian. His career as a ruler is best comprehended if one thinks of it as a kind of Arabian Nights' fantasia upon what was going on in Paris during the sixties. The extravagant luxury and ostentation of the European capital became, in caricature, a delirium of spendthrift riot on the Nile. It reached its climax in 1869, when the Empress Eugénie made that imperial progress to open the Suez Canal which seemed to the Europe of that date so striking an apogee of earthly pomp and circumstance, and appears in our eyes only pathetic. There is a certain grimness of sincerity in the remark of Ismail, which Mrs. Crawford reports, to the effect that the mistake of Napoleon III. was in not getting rid of the men who helped him to make his *coup d'état* as soon as they had put him on the throne. Everybody feels this to be true, and no one realized it with more bitter fervour than the Emperor himself; but only an Oriental could speak of it as involving a reproach. Ismail's day of reckoning with his creditors was postponed till years after the Second Empire had disappeared, but it came none the less. There is nothing of his life thereafter that is worth recalling. The last characteristic picture is of the day when he left Cairo,

with the pick of his harem, the squads of eunuchs and servants, and the hastily gathered spoils of the palaces, while the city strove to realize that yesterday's master of life and death was to-day's mere tourist in a hurry, and the women of the harem who were left behind smashed £8000 worth of mirrors and light furniture to express their feelings.

The Supplementary Estimates are annually relied upon to throw a dash of sport into the serious business of statesmanship. This year they have hardly come up to the average. Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton was almost not funny, and Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's perfunctory tumbling failed to win a laugh. Clearly, the long frost has depressed us all. In the wandering course of the debate it was accidentally evolved that the Queen's Proctor can do no wrong, since he "intervenes only on the discretion of the Attorney-General"—which seems to be a discovery. For the rest, there was much inconclusive talk about Dr. Cornelius Herz, and then a protracted and windy wild-goose chase on the trail of the great Jabez. The law officers explained, with endless convolutions and refinements of repetition, that they had done all the things open to them to do which were not calculated to secure his extradition, and that these efforts had cost over £6,000. What it would cost to do things that *would* bring him back to justice was not mentioned between them.

The forebodings expressed last week as to the progress of the influenza epidemic have been more than fulfilled. The London death-rate, from all causes, stands at 38.5—a figure which has had no parallel since our modern system of vital statistics was invented. In Liverpool it has reached the astonishing point of 55.5, which sounds like a report from some plague-stricken town of the Orient rather than a great self-governing English city. Here in the Metropolis the deaths for the week from diseases of the respiratory organs are 1,449, as against the 1,120 reported last Saturday. It is worthy of note that 768 of these, which is more than half, are of people over sixty years of age. At the hospitals they are saying that the worst is now over. We can only hope that this standing prediction of theirs is nearer the truth than it was last week.

It is not surprising to learn that the Poles find their lot in no wise improved under the new Governor-General. Save that a polite diplomat named Schouvaloff has displaced a rough-tongued soldier named Gourko, there is no difference. Priests are arrested, the language of the country is interdicted, the villages groan under the enforced billeting and brutal licence of the Army of Occupation, precisely as before. The hopes which blossomed prematurely in Poland a couple of months ago have been nipped by the same cold wind of reaction which blows now over Russia as well. The students of the St. Petersburg University have been behaving as

they did not dare behave in the late reign, and have been sharply disciplined by the whips of Cossacks. Several other universities, less under observation, have been closed altogether, and the members dispersed to their homes. These incidents forcibly recall the period of 1879-80, when similar repressive measures scattered hundreds of mutinous students all over the Empire, and thereby made the widespread and effective organization of militant Nihilism possible.

The Naval Estimates for 1895-6 are in the main satisfactory. The pressure of public opinion has evidently convinced even Sir William Harcourt that Englishmen regard their pockets as a secondary consideration compared with their safety. We are glad to note that the total net amount of the Estimates is £18,701,000, an increase of £1,334,900 over the sum voted for 1894-5. Also the amount to be devoted to new construction is £6,123,642, an increase of nearly £1,000,000 over last year; whilst an addition of 5,450 in the *personnel* is provided for. This last is especially welcome. The deficiency of trained men in our navy has not only been again and again insisted upon by naval authorities such as the late Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds, Admiral Colomb, and others, but was made painfully apparent in our preparations for last year's naval manoeuvres. The decision of the Admiralty not to add to our battleships seems prudent. Other naval powers have made but little addition to their navies in this respect, and it is well perhaps to delay the construction of large battleships till further details of the fighting in the Far East are in our possession.

Sir Henry Rawlinson belonged of right to the group of great Indian rulers, and he was the last of them. The actual test of large executive responsibility never came to his lot, it is true, but for over twenty years he had a part to play in the service of the Company and the Crown, as soldier, administrator, and diplomat, hardly second in real importance to that of any of his contemporaries. He was helping the then Shah of Persia to organize his army over sixty years ago, and as British Agent he held Kandahar during the memorable siege of 1841-2. Our present policy in both Afghanistan and Persia follows upon the lines which his sagacity mapped out in his active early manhood. The world lays more stress, however, and justly too, upon the quieter achievements of his semi-leisure as Consul at Bagdad. Other men, of a more strictly scientific training, had already laid the foundations of modern Assyriology, and dug up, at Khorsabad, Nimroud, and elsewhere, what still remains the most valuable portion of the relics of Assyrian civilization that we possess. But it was left to the Indian official, with his alert mind and practical knowledge of many languages, to first find the clue to the arrow-headed inscriptions upon these relics. No one now disputes that Sir Henry Rawlinson worked out the earliest solution to the problem of reading cuneiform writing, and the immensity of the ethnological and historical results which have turned upon that discovery gives his name a secure place among those whose genius has simplified the labour of schools and given laws to science. It should not be forgotten that during his too brief term of service in Parliament here at home, Englishmen first heard the truth about the Russian advance in Central Asia, and the consequent embarrassments which threatened us in India. At the time (1865-8) no one listened, but when Khiva and Khokand had been overrun and annexed, British public opinion woke up, and Sir Henry Rawlinson's opportune book, "England and Russia in the East" (1875), made a profound and lasting impression upon it.

There seems almost no limit to the patience with which John Bull submits to bad service, waste, incompetency, and impertinence on the part of his Permanent Officials, so long as merely his own general interests are involved. It happens sometimes, however, that a case of individual injustice moves him to swift action. Such action is surely needed to correct the rank red-tapeism of the Admiralty official, as appears from Mr. Robertson's utterances on Thursday in the House of Commons. It appears that the 315 days during which Lord Beresford served on Lord Wolseley's staff, the

time during which he was employed in leading the Naval Brigade through its brilliant skirmishing raids to rescue both Wilson's and Buller's columns, are to count "as sea-service, but not as service in command of a ship of war at sea." Such perverse subtleties could have occurred to none but an Admiralty mind. This is the real way to discourage merit and make the Service unpopular.

In any other country but Ireland, the announcement of the discovery of an extensive seam of excellent coal would carry its own obvious importance. It may be true that such a discovery has been made in County Tyrone; indeed, it is very probable, for there have been collieries in the district for a long time. But it does not follow, unfortunately, that it will do anybody any particular good. Even if capital can be obtained to develop the pits, and, what is rarer still, men of real energy and business ability are found to push the work, as it would be pushed in Fifeshire or Durham, there remains the local railway. It must be an extremely virile and tenacious industry that an Irish railway cannot crush out with only half an effort.

Although the late Professor Blackie wrote, published, and talked with exceptional activity for over sixty years, it does not appear that people intend to remember any part of his voluminous literary output. Successive generations of Edinburgh students disseminated anecdotes about him in various portions of the globe, until by mere dint of living on he came at last to be one of the familiar figures in the minds of English-speaking peoples. In Edinburgh itself, where the streaming white hair, obtrusive plaid, and studied eccentricities of speech and demeanour were on daily view, we fear that this familiarity became secretly mixed up with a little amiable contempt; but no good Scot would whisper it for his life. Strangers grew to think of him chiefly as one who was born in the great year which produced Darwin, Tennyson, Lincoln, and Gladstone, and for a time seemed likely to survive them all.

In the course of an excellent paper read at a meeting of the newly formed East India Association on Wednesday, Sir Lepel Griffin emphasized the fact that as a result of the war between China and Japan a new Power has arisen in the East, whose competition will seriously affect both India and Great Britain. Sir Lepel Griffin went on to say that India has reached a crisis in finance which threatens serious disaster, unless there is a change of policy in the matter of the currency. He believes bimetallism to be the true remedy, and went so far as to assert that, if the currency difficulty were not promptly solved, "the new development of China and Japan will ruin our Indian Empire." Bimetallism may not be a panacea for financial evils, but the unanimity of Indian authorities in favour of it is worthy of note.

The last of the cricket matches between Mr. Stoddart's team and the Australians, which ended at Melbourne on Wednesday in an English victory by six wickets, excited an amount of interest rare even in cricket-loving England. Three out of the five matches have fallen to the English Eleven; but when we consider that the team contained the pick of our bowling and (with two or three exceptions) also the pick of our batting, the prospect of England retaining her cricket supremacy when next an Australian Eleven pays a visit to this country is not too certain.

It has not often, we believe, been thought necessary to publish separate and special glossaries to the works of living authors. The case seems, however, to be different with Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose novels evidently require more than ordinary elucidation. We have received from Mr. Fisher Unwin a glossary to three of Mr. Crockett's stories. What opinion the compiler, Mr. Patrick Dudgeon, can have of the intelligence of his author's readers, we forbear to inquire; but he thinks it needful to explain to them (to take only the first two pages) the meanings of words like "bairn," "besom," "bide," "blithe," "braw," "bye," "byre," "canna," "collie," &c. &c. We expect to receive presently a glossary by Mr. Dudgeon to explain Mr. Crockett's English.

AN ALMIGHTY SMASH.

IT is quite impossible to contemplate last Saturday's democratic exhibition without laughing. The Progressives, amid the ruins of their Carthage, have received their sentence according to their several natures, some with difficulty restraining their tears, like the poor *Daily Chronicle*; some piously improving the occasion, like Mr. Price Hughes; some wrangling as to whose fault it was, like Mr. Horton; some swearing vigorously, like Mr. Burns; and a few, the wisest, deploring the fate that has left them with a majority after all. For on a body like the County Council, a small majority means responsibility rather than power. The County Council is really run by its committees; and the driving power on the committees is furnished by the second-rate men who make the work of the County Council their sole business in life, and the first-rate men who at least devote more time, thought, and ability to it than the average city man does to his office. These efficient are the men who cut out the work, and, incidentally, raise the rates. In the late Council the Progressive efficient strained every nerve to keep down expenses, knowing that their party would be held responsible by the ratepayers at the election. But they reckoned without the ineptitude of the Liberal Government, which, whilst quite ready to claim the credit of the popularity which the Progressives were then supposed to enjoy, never took the trouble to warn the County Council financiers of the impending terrible drop in the exchequer contributions which was to swallow up all the proceeds of the rigid economy which had been practised, and force the unhappy economists to explode an announcement of a fresh rise in the rates on the electorate within a few days of the election. This, it may now be admitted, was hard luck for the Progressives; but what is really harder for them is, that though they have got all their best efficient in again, their party still remains responsible for the rates, whilst its prestige has vanished. Had there been a Moderate majority, one can imagine with what zest the Progressive efficient would have returned to their work, relieved of all remorse as to making London pay for it. The rates will go up, of course, as they must go up no matter which party wins the odd trick; but they will not positively bound up, as they easily might have done with all the ablest Collectivists still hard at work in committee extending the activity of the Council, and a Moderate majority, fresh from complaining loudly at the polls of Progressive delays over costly street improvements, receiving all the fire of the indignant ratepayer.

The fact is, the result of the election has been an ideally satisfactory one from every point of view except that of the pure party men. In the first place, the majority is a narrow one; and a narrow majority, no matter which side it is on, is a much better safeguard of the public interest than any triumph of Tweedledum over Tweedledee. In the second place, the more active party of the two is still held to its public responsibility for the cost of its activity, whilst it is sent back to its work with its self-righteous smile removed by a startling slap in the face. The hopes of the Liberal Government to make electioneering capital out of the municipal revival which it has done so little to help or encourage have been most signally dashed. Mr. John Burns, who has gone farther than any other prominent Socialist Progressive in identifying himself with the party interests of Liberalism in Parliament, has dropped twelve hundred votes and lost his old secure position at the head of the poll at Battersea, although, his Roseberyism apart, he is a desperately hard-working and, humanly speaking, quite irreproachable servant of his constituents. On the other hand, Mr. Sidney Webb, whose part in "To your tents, O Israel," brought down upon him the frantic abuse of the entire Liberal press when it appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in November 1893, has actually increased his former huge poll in Deptford, although he was singled out for special attack by the Moderates, and was posted all over London as the advocate of a rate of twenty shillings in the pound on proprietary incomes. No doubt Mr. Webb's polling days are very Napoleonically organized. His five committee-rooms, each under the command of a Fabian field-marshal, and each sending out a cloud of Fabian beauty and chivalry to

bring up voters from ground every inch of which has been carefully canvassed, are the despair of his opponents, the best of whom strives in vain to get within fifteen hundred votes of him; but his resources cannot be as extraordinary, nor his helpers more numerous and energetic, than those of Mr. Burns, who can hardly attribute the reverse he has experienced altogether to the disaffection of the friends of a few park employees whom he has offended by his resolution to put down tipping. The Moderates have gained everywhere by their attempt to rally the Conservative voter to their standard, although, as we pointed out, it was by no means the business of the Conservative voter to allow himself to be so rallied. And the Progressives have lost ground in proportion to the degree in which they associated themselves with official Liberalism. Mr. Costelloe saved his seat at Chelsea by his careful repudiation of party lines, just as certainly as Lord Cadogan won the other seat there by exactly the opposite policy. In some of the East End constituencies the results have been such as to set the Progressives exclaiming bitterly against the ingratitude of the working-man. Ten days ago Haggerston was ranked as one of the safest Radical and Progressive seats in London. Yet the Moderates, with new candidates (a heavy disadvantage), took upwards of five hundred votes from the sitting member, Lord Monkswell, and added them to their own poll. As to the case of St. George-in-the-East, it is the choicest spoonful of cream in the humours of the election. The Council bribed this dismally poor little parish by relieving it of its poor-rate at the expense of the West End, and sending it a handsome cheque every year. But when the day of reckoning came, virtuous poverty rose in outraged honesty, and, by an enormous poll, hurled its Progressive representatives into outer darkness, and returned Mr. Harry Marks at the head of the poll. The incident is, perhaps, not yet closed; but so far it is extremely touching. It was the one flash of sublimity without which the election would have been unrelievedly prosaic.

THE ATHLONE WORKHOUSE SCANDAL.

THE growth of a sympathetic and humane public opinion has made itself felt not least in our hospitals; but there are even here grave defects, on which that public opinion can be brought to bear only when the dark places of the management are illuminated by the strong search-light of the press. The urgent need of reform in the workhouse hospitals or infirmaries in Ireland, and not, it may be shrewdly suspected, in Ireland alone, is plainly indicated by the facts brought out in a Local Government Board Inquiry which has been going on at Athlone.

The inquiry was made at the demand of the Church of Ireland rector of Athlone, the Rev. R. S. D. Campbell, D.D. The subject of it was the nature of the nursing system, and the practical absence of night-nursing, in the hospital of the workhouse at Athlone. The nursing in this hospital is entrusted by the Board of Guardians to four nuns; and with all respect for the good Sisters of Mercy, we fear that the Guardians, in their single-minded desire for economy, are more influenced by the fact that the Sisters accept no payment for their services—indeed, carry on the nursing at a loss to themselves—than by any other consideration. Admitting readily that the moral and religious tone of the hospital has been raised by the presence of these benevolent ladies, what is the state of the nursing as disclosed in the evidence given at the inquiry and reported at length in that enterprising provincial paper, the *Westmeath Independent*?

The plain purpose of the inquiry was to examine into a charge of gross neglect in the nursing of a patient—a charge made by Dr. Campbell, and used as the lever to move the Local Government Board to deal with the whole question of the working of the nursing system, and especially with the nursing, or rather absence of nursing, at night.

The nuns being the nurses, and the inquiry soon developing into an exposure of what we will euphemize as grave deficiencies in the very elements of nursing, the local Roman Catholic clergy took up the defence of the nursing system, and seeing the difficulty of a direct defence, appear to have determined to draw off the

interest of the public and inflame local feeling by insisting on going into certain old charges of proselytism which Dr. Campbell, who is no bigot, was not anxious to press.

Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., was brought over from England to trail this red-herring across the scent; but though the Chrysostom of the McCarthyites employed some of that wealth of gracious language with which he is wont to sweeten debates in the House and disputes with his rivals, his strategy must, in its results, be described as unfortunate. The case, for instance, of Mrs. Manning, an old woman of 103 years, dying of senile decay, who was admittedly a strong Protestant within a week of her death, and was when, at the point of death, received by the Parish Priest into the Church of Rome without any previous notice to her Protestant pastor, may not perhaps with politeness be called proselytism, but certainly must be described as of not very distant kin to that odious method so alien, all the world knows, to the genius and practice of the Church of Rome.

The system of nursing disclosed by the inquiry, in spite of the efforts of the nuns and the priests to obscure the unpleasant facts, is, it is not too much to say, shockingly and cruelly deficient. The nuns who have charge of the nursing are on duty during the day, but at night retire to bed, and leave, the long night through, the patients, from fifty to seventy in number, to the tender mercies of a pauper nurse, untrained, and in morals or sobriety usually not exactly an example. Now, in a workhouse hospital like that at Athlone, where the single doctor is insufficiently paid and not able to give much time, it is specially important to get first-rate trained nurses, and for surgical cases and accidents it is positively essential; but will it be believed that such a hospital of seventy beds was entrusted to four young ladies fresh from a convent, and without any hospital training at all?

The test case on which Dr. Campbell relied—that of one Lizzie McLoughlin, who was placed in the infirmary when suffering from rheumatic fever—was thoroughly investigated, and the witnesses cross-examined at great length. The result, briefly, of the inquiry was to establish the fact that Mrs. Campbell, the rector's wife, who seems to have been a ministering angel to this girl as to many others, found the poor creature in a state of filth and neglect almost indescribable. The bed had become a cesspool as a result of the weakness of the patient's internal organs, and the linen had been two days unchanged. The body of the girl was crusted with filth, and as the nuns would not even remain in the room while the girl's clothing was changed, Mrs. Campbell called some of the paupers to assist her, and then washed the girl with her own hands, severely reprimanding the wardswoman, who was merely an untrained pauper, for the neglected state in which the patient was found. It must have needed considerable courage to deal with the disgusting condition of the girl's body and bedding; but one may observe, in passing, that it seems strange that the Sister of Mercy should shirk this work of mercy and leave it to the Protestant clergyman's wife to do. From this time the unfortunate patient was kept clean, but when at last Mrs. Campbell had her removed to a first-rate Dublin hospital, it was found that spontaneous dislocation of one of the hip-joints had taken place as a result of the rheumatic fever, the socket had had time to fill with secondary discharges, replacement had become impossible, and the girl was a cripple for life.

Comment is unnecessary on the incompetency, as well as the neglect, which led to this result. The evidence of the girl herself is very instructive reading. None, she said, of the Sisters ever assisted at raising her in bed, none of the Sisters ever sat up at night with her or with any patient; the patients got no medicines at night; the nuns gave the food, looked after the wardmaids, and said prayers during the day, but at night left the whole hospital full of patients to an untrained pauper attendant.

The day-nursing invites criticism; but what are we to say of the night-nursing? It is not for want of complaint that this nightly neglect—for it can scarcely be called nursing—goes on. Complaints have been made before. The Local Government Board have repeatedly urged the need of a trained night nurse upon the Guar-

dians, who have met all representations with a flat refusal to reform.

In that refusal, in the face of this shocking exposure, they still apparently persist; but the weight of public opinion and, if necessary, of special legislation must be brought to bear upon them, and a state of things that is disgraceful to humanity and monstrous at the end of the nineteenth century must be done away.

Public opinion then, speaking, if it be necessary, through Parliament as well as the Press, must insist on the following changes not only in the Athlone Workhouse Hospital, but in all such hospitals in Ireland, and we believe there are many. It must be imperatively required that there be two trained nurses in each infirmary, nurses, that is, with proper hospital training; by all means let them be nuns: but the kindest intentions must not be allowed to stand in place of proper training and experience. Furthermore it must be required that the night-nursing be entrusted to a trained nurse; for there is no time when the trained nurse is more needed in serious cases than the hours of night. The Guardians must be no longer allowed to put a pauper in charge of the patients at night, and save the expense of a trained nurse at the cost of the comfort and well-being of the patients, and often at the risk of their lives. The death of one young girl which was noticed in the inquiry was evidently not unconnected with this culpable negligence.

In the maternity ward things are, we believe, if possible, worse. The nuns, we understand, from not unnatural feelings of what we must call misplaced refinement, refuse to enter it. The maternity ward in Athlone is, we believe, left to the nursing of untrained pauper girls, not even supervised by the nuns. When the actual confinement comes on a midwife is sent for from the town, but she leaves the moment her task is done, while the mother and child are left to the mercies of the wardswomen. That a large proportion of the patients in the maternity ward are very young girls of the unfortunate class is no reason why they should be neglected as they are, and we are much mistaken if public feeling and public pressure do not compel a reform by which a trained nurse shall look after the maternity ward no less than the rest of the hospital.

The gist of the matter is that no nurse, and, what is more, no nun, should be appointed to conduct the nursing in a workhouse hospital unless she has previously had proper hospital training. Training is absolutely necessary that a nurse may know how to keep helpless patients clean and comfortable, and, moreover, the hospital training teaches the nurse to overcome the natural distaste to duties that are extremely disgusting to the untrained woman. We can picture to ourselves, from the proved condition of the girl McLoughlin, the wretchedness that dying patients, or patients suffering from severe illness which affects the internal organs, must have had to undergo from the cruel neglect that apparently has prevailed for years in the nursing at Athlone Workhouse Hospital, a neglect that, persisted in deliberately as it has been in spite of expostulation and criticism, argues the most callous indifference on the part of the Board of Guardians.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell have had to face a most powerful opposition, the Board of Guardians for economical reasons, the nuns and the Roman Catholic clergy for religious reasons, being banded together against that exposure of abuses which is necessary to initiate reform. They will have their best reward in seeing their crusade of compassion carried to a successful conclusion, and in realizing that not only in Athlone but elsewhere in Ireland, the result of their efforts is felt in reforms that will alleviate the hardships of the maternity ward, and soften and smooth the bed of the suffering and the dying.

A NEW DREIKAISERBUND.

THE final appointment of a successor to M. de Giers, at the head of the Russian Foreign Office, does not, unhappily, advance the prospects of an Anglo-Russian understanding. It is not to be suggested that the new Minister, Prince Lobanoff, cherishes any special anti-British prejudices, much less animosities. But, on the other hand, it can do only harm to blink the fact that his selection represents the triumph of interests more or less openly opposed to ours. Without going into details,

it may be recalled that during the last two months of 1894, and the opening month of the present year, there seemed fair ground for the hope that cordial and even sympathetic relations had been established, and were to be maintained, between London and St. Petersburg. The advantages which such an arrangement would involve to our great work in Asia were so apparent that it was easy to let the hope translate itself into confidence. When it became understood that M. de Staal was likely to succeed to the control of Russian foreign policy, there seemed no longer room for doubt. The actual announcement of his appointment, which, for some reason not yet explained, was allowed by the Russian censor to be made by telegraph from St. Petersburg on the 25th ult., not unnaturally evoked enthusiastic comment from the English press. It was felt, and said, that with the Russian Foreign Office in the hands of one who had lived in London so long, and who had studied to such good purpose the character and methods of the men who make and administer our Empire, our path would be cleared of many difficulties. There was something, no doubt, in the fact that M. de Staal liked England and the English; but it was far more important that he understood us, and measured our motives and actions with a judgment entirely free from the distorting suspicions and jealousies which are bred in the ante-rooms of Continental diplomacy. If it were possible to impute design to that misleading despatch, it would have to be admitted that the trick was successful. The English press frankly revealed its elation at the choice of M. de Staal. Two days later it was announced that quite another person had been chosen.

Prince Lobanoff has also lived in London as Russian Ambassador. His three years of residence here (1879-82) have left no impress upon our memory, and probably not on his either. He belongs to that class of old-fashioned Continental diplomats to whom London must always seem a place of exile, half out of the world. Their traditions begin with Talleyrand and Metternich, and end with Gortschakoff. They do not, to employ Lord Salisbury's phrase, use a large map. The ancient ceremonial centres of dynastic intrigue and counterplotting are to them still the principal points of human concern. They are more interested in Stuttgart or Coburg than in Washington or Melbourne; above all cities on earth they love Vienna, where a mediæval etiquette lends fanciful charms to the most complicated and artificial diplomatic structure now to be found in any land. Here Prince Lobanoff has been in his element for a dozen years. By mere force of position, the Russian Ambassador must in any case be a considerable personage at the Austrian Court. Prince Lobanoff has been much more. He is known as a man of tireless industry and great force of character; it must have required as well an extraordinary amount of tact to keep his post as he did, and conduct on his own account, so to speak, a branch-office of Russian diplomacy which hardly pretended to harmonize in policy with the theories of the Tsar himself. Prince Lobanoff was an avowed admirer of the Triple Alliance, when Russia stood in open hostility to it; he did not fear to express his sympathy with Alexander of Battenberg, and later with Ferdinand, at times when Russian opinion was most incensed against the Bulgarians; he let it be understood clearly that the ostentatious Cronstadt-Toulon fraternization was to his mind pure folly, and that a formal alliance between the Eastern Autocracy and the Western Republic would be madness. Somehow, the late Tsar found himself able to tolerate these frank differences of opinion in his subordinate. Very likely he reasoned that the services of an openly pro-German representative at Vienna, in keeping the peace, outweighed the personal objections he as a sovereign had a right to entertain. The new Tsar has gone a long way further, and made the views and prepossessions of Prince Lobanoff those of the Russian Foreign Office. It is assumed that he will be made Chancellor upon the occasion of the coronation, a year or so hence.

This is not what England looked for last Christmas, nor is it wholly to her liking now. The seven years of the "Dreikaiserbund" (1872-9) provide a minimum of pleasing recollections for us, and for Western Europe in general. Apparently the coming summer is to witness a meeting of the three Emperors, and the ratification of a

new *entente* if not alliance between the three Empires. The strange dismissal of the Wekerle Ministry at Budapesth, and the almost equally inexplicable transfer of authority at Berlin, by which Count Caprivi went out and Prince Hohenlohe came in, may be regarded now as preparatory steps toward this imperial combination. As in 1872, we may expect to hear that the progress of socialistic and anarchic opinions throughout Europe at once pains and alarms the Cæsars, and compels them, in the interests of public order and of civilization, to lay aside minor rivalries, and join forces to protect the social fabric against its enemies. Experience has shown us all the value of the old fable about what happens when wolves become shepherds.

The situation which threatens to confront England is not necessarily perilous, but it has its embarrassments. For one thing, the difficulties in the way of our safeguarding our immense interests in the Pacific, when Japan discloses the terms upon which she is minded to conclude a peace, will be greatly increased. We had expected to act in this matter in complete accord with Russia, but it is no longer clear that that will be easily arranged. Again, the German Emperor is too much of an Englishman himself, in blood and training, not to feel in his veins those same half-adventurous, half-trading impulses which have dotted the seas with British sails, and scattered an empire over the map of the world. His Colonial Office does not get on smoothly with ours, and once he finds himself the master spirit in a mighty imperial combination, the chances of friction in Africa and elsewhere will not be, to say the least, diminished. If the upshot were to be, on the other hand, an improvement of our relations with France, we might face the changed outlook with equanimity. Historically, the getting together of the Emperors has been always an act of implied hostility to the freer political and social systems radiating from London and Paris. The obvious effect of the movement which we have traced must be to establish a new balance of power, which leaves England and France equally in the lurch. Finding ourselves both on the outside of the door, so to speak, it would seem the intelligent part to see if we could not be of use to each other, or, at all events, pass the time civilly together. So far from this seeming probable, the debate in the French Chamber of Deputies upon the Colonial Budget has been one long-sustained scream of denunciation against the English in every part of the globe, and it has become literally impossible to keep track of the grievances which the heated young men of the French Colonial group manufacture week after week against us. Altogether it is a curiously confused situation, the unfolding of which may bring notable surprises, and cannot fail profoundly to affect the affairs of Europe.

SIR GEOFFREY HORNBY.

FROM his twelfth birthday until his seventieth, a period of fifty-eight years, the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Geoffrey Thomas Phipps Hornby, belonged to the active list of the Royal Navy; yet, during all that time, he only once, when he was about fifteen, saw a shot fired in anger. We have had many wars, small and great, since the day when, in 1840, St. Jean d'Acre was bombarded by the fleet of Sir Robert Stopford; but Sir Geoffrey had no hand in any of them. It was always his misfortune to be engaged elsewhere. It is, therefore, remarkable that although in the past quarter of a century there have been upon the flag-list the names of numerous officers who have fought in all parts of the world, and who have covered themselves with war-medals, the name of Hornby has, by the unanimous verdict of the naval service, occupied the foremost place as that of the best and most capable sea-captain of his age. Scarcely less remarkable is it that the verdict has been from the beginning accepted not only here, but also in foreign countries. Yet such is certainly the fact; for it has been the lot of the present writer to stand at the side of the late Admiral of the Fleet, both on the deck of his own flagship, and amid groups of French, German, Austrian, and American naval officers of all ranks, and to hear him spoken of in the confidence of intimacy by men who have served above as well as below him. Nowhere has there been any difference of opinion concerning the commanding ability of Sir

Geoffrey. Some, chiefly the incapable, have described him as excessively stern; but not even those whom he had deservedly caused to suffer for their faults ever hinted a doubt of his justice, or his fitness to lead in war the finest fleet that Great Britain could place at any admiral's disposal.

The secret of the universal confidence which he thus inspired, and which ranged such a good judge as the German Emperor among his warmest admirers, lay as much in his general as in his purely professional qualities. Long before he attained flag-rank he was recognized as a master of steam-tactics, and as an unrivalled handler of a fleet. Still earlier he had established his reputation as a seaman and disciplinarian. And later he distinguished himself—especially while he held the chief command in the Mediterranean—as an organizer and diplomat of the first rank. But all his professional capacity would not have won him the unique position which, for over twenty years, he enjoyed, had it not been backed up in every direction by those characteristics which we associate with the ideal Englishman. He never flinched from saying or doing what he deemed it right to say or do; there was no trace of duplicity in his mental equipment; with him, as much as with Nelson, his country and his duty were the first of all considerations; and, as was shown over and over again in the Mediterranean, he never hesitated to assume the most weighty responsibilities. In addition, he was a splendid horseman, a good shot, and no indifferent follower of Isaac Walton; he was wonderfully well read, particularly in military history; he took a comprehensive interest in public affairs; and, when at home in his own county, he was all that a country gentleman should be. Some naval officers, as they grow old, grow rusty and faddist; but, to the end, active in mind as in body, he moved with the times. At the Drawing Room on 19 February he spoke gaily to a foreign officer of "the hardship of compulsorily retiring a youngster like me, especially since every one in my part of the country lives to nearly a hundred." And he felt as he spoke. His eye was bright, his brain was clear, his figure was almost that of a young man. His very youthfulness was fatal to him. Having caught cold, he was so ill advised as to ride to his house from Chichester on his tricycle; influenza followed, and the too common complications of that mysterious disease dragged him down, until his constitution could not recover itself.

In the navy there are and always have been many examples of heredity. Sir Geoffrey Hornby—like Sir Houston Stewart, Sir Charles and Sir Edward Hamilton, two Sir Hyde Parkers, Sir Charles Ogle, and a hundred others—was the son of a distinguished naval officer. The father, Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, was one of the heroes of Lissa, the mother was a Burgoyne, and intimately connected with the family are the Stanleys, the Byngs, and the Peels. The son profited in more ways than one by his naval ancestry, for, becoming flag-lieutenant to his father, on the Pacific Station, he obtained a "haul down" promotion to the rank of commander when little more than twenty-five years of age, and so was set early on the high road to advancement in a service to the very top of which he subsequently won his way. But from that time forth he owed more to himself than to others. Two years later—a couple of months before his twenty-eighth birthday—he was posted, and attained a rank equivalent to that of a lieutenant-colonel in the army. He subsequently commanded the *Tribune*, in the Pacific, the *Neptune*, flagship in the Mediterranean, the *Edgar*, flagship in the Channel, and, as commodore of the first-class and commander-in-chief on the West Coast of Africa, the *Bristol*. By that time the whole navy knew him as a first-rate officer. After promotion, ere he was forty-four, to flag rank, he commanded successively the Detached Squadron, the Channel Squadron, and the Mediterranean Fleet. It was in January 1878 that he took that fleet, which he had drilled into absolutely unrivalled order, to the mouth of the Dardanelles. In the following month he found it necessary to take it up the Dardanelles to within sight of Constantinople. He was acting in the interests of Turkey, which lay for the moment at the mercy of Russia; but it was feared that the Porte would as little like British interference as Russian pressure, and that

the batteries on both shores would be ordered to open upon him as he steamed through. Happily his decision and determination caused the Turks to hold their hands; and three weeks later the fruits of his action were reaped in the Treaty of San Stefano. After his return from the Mediterranean, Sir Geoffrey held in succession the Presidency of the Royal Naval College and the Commandership in Chief at Portsmouth. In the course of his tenure of the latter post, a new Russian scare took him for the last time to sea at the head of the Evolutionary Squadron. He handled that heterogeneous force with marvellous skill, and with such evident advantage to the service that, during every summer since, the Admiralty has ordered naval manœuvres by freshly mobilized ships to be carried out. Each year distinguished officers, including Admirals Tryon, Culme-Seymour, Baird, Fremantle, Fitzroy, and E. H. Seymour, have been engaged in these as Commanders of Squadrons; but it may safely be said that no subsequent manœuvres have been so instructive as those which were directed by Sir Geoffrey Hornby in 1885.

Such, in the merest outline, was the purely professional career of this great officer, whose death at the age of seventy—an age little greater than that of Howe on the Glorious First of June—is a national loss. The chief consolation is that, though he never had to lead a fleet against the enemies of his country, he trained others in his ideas and his principles, and that many of these survive him. In the navy, to have served in a responsible post under Hornby, and to have gained his approbation, is one of the hall-marks of a good officer; and of such officers there are, fortunately, many.

PEACE PROSPECTS IN THE FAR EAST.

IT is a matter of congratulation that China has at last succeeded in putting forward an envoy and in formulating credentials that satisfy the Japanese Government. It would be rash to predict that peace will necessarily result from the mission which Li Hung-Chang has undertaken; but we shall at least know now what are the terms which Japan requires. There will be an indemnity, of course, and a surrender of all claim to suzerainty over Corea. But those are conditions which China would have accepted immediately after—if not before—the fall of Port Arthur. Presumably, therefore, Japan must have ulterior objects; and it depends upon what those objects are whether peace can now be secured. China is unquestionably anxious for peace, and her solicitude may be increased by the fresh advance of the Japanese in Manchuria. Newchwang is not an important city in itself, and is, it may be well to remember, thirty miles from Yingtze, which is the Treaty Port. But it has a certain strategic importance from its situation on the Liao river, which is the waterway to Moukden.

But it does not follow that China is ready to yield up territory, or to submit even to extortionate monetary demands. She will surrender her suzerainty over Corea, but Corea was never an integral portion of the empire; she will consent, probably, to a treaty giving larger privileges of commerce than foreigners now enjoy; she will pay a war indemnity, and may agree that Port Arthur shall be held as security. But if—as her friends in the press have been heard to declare—"portions of Manchuria and the island of Formosa," and a few other such unconsidered trifles, are to be thrown in "as prize of war," we venture to doubt whether she is yet prepared to acquiesce. The answer, when the Imperial Government lately consulted its great provincial satraps, is said to have been almost unanimously in favour of peace, with the qualification, however, that the terms must be bearable. It may be doubted whether considerable cessions of territory would be held to come within this definition. And if the indemnity is to comprise not only "the expenses of the war" but a payment besides of "fifty millions in money," both Pekin and the Provinces may perhaps think it would be as cheap to fight it out.

Much will depend, no doubt, on the Government's estimation of the risk to its own stability. China, we must not forget—not only the Chinese empire, but China proper—is as large as all Europe, excluding Russia; so that the capture even of Pekin would be far less effective than the occupation of the capital of a

European State. There are other great Chinese cities which have been capitals also in their day, and from which the Government could be as conveniently carried on. Singan, for instance, in Shense, which has been already named as a possible resort; or Nankin, on the Yangtze, which would be in some respects more convenient than Pekin. The question that would weigh with the Government in such an extremity is not so much the loss of Pekin, as the possible danger to itself from the loss of prestige that retreat would imply. But it will have to reflect, also, whether the risk of making concessions more onerous and humiliating than the nation is prepared to accept, might not be equally great. It is to be hoped, however, for her own sake, as well as for that of the Chinese people, that Japan will not push things to this extreme; for even her resources are not inexhaustible; and if China really determined to fight it out, it would be in the expectation, probably, of a day when the attack must slacken, rather than from a hope of reversing, just at present, the scale of military success. Such a combat *à outrance* would be fraught with untold misery, certainly, to the country invaded; but Japan herself would be subjected to a strain that must put back the hand on the dial of her civilization.

WINTER IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

II.

THE effect of the wind on exposed slopes of snow was remarkable. The billowy whiteness took the regular but delicate ridgings of the ribbed sands of the sea; the smoothness of the drifts was rippled by the wind-tides, just as the fine sands are by the tides of the great waters. On cloudy afternoons the universal chilly whiteness of the snowy hillsides was at times suddenly lighted up on a far-away hilltop by a golden radiance, where the sunlight broke through a rift in the cloud and tinged the snow-slopes with golden light, till they glowed a warm ivory yellow, conspicuous amid the cold whiteness around. On clear days the snowy sward of the combs, shining and smooth as satin, was warmly gilded with the light of the unclouded sun, and across their white radiance fell the long shadows of the trees, barring the sunlit spaces with long columns of amethyst. The pure beauty of the delicate violet tints of the shadows sleeping on the dazzling brightness of the sun-gilded snow was a vision of unearthly loveliness, as though the heavens had come down and covered the ancient earth; and once a moving purple islet sailed across the sunlit spaces, the shadow of the great vans of a buzzard of the moorland falling on the mirroring surface of the gleaming snow below.

This fairy carpeting of white, a sensitive recorder of the slightest pressure, revealed the presence of denizens of the woods and hedgerows, of the coverts and burrows, whose very existence might have been unsuspected hitherto.

On the snow-carpet the shyest as well as the boldest birds and quadrupeds, the lightest as well as the heaviest, leave tracks that are Chinese to the dwellers in towns, but a familiar language to the observant countryman. On the snow-carpet one noted not only the characteristic prints of the rabbit, the long straight track of the pads of the old dog-fox, but also the delicate tracing of innumerable squirrels, the tiny prints of the fieldmouse, the shrew, and, near the streamlet's edge, of the water-vole. The snow that lightly covered the ice of the ponds was crossed and recrossed by the moorhen's tracks, and indeed their impressions on the feathery carpet revealed the nearness of a wealth of bird-life that during the day was invisible. The numerous family of the finches and linnets, the bramblings, twites, yellow-hammers, and besides blackbirds and thrustles, the missel-thrush, the stormcock or holmscreech, to give his Exmoor name, the fieldfare, the redwing or wind thrush, were more or less numerously represented. And when one came upon a deep track under the old ivy-covered ash-trees, one recognized the slot of the wild red-deer of Exmoor. The ivy-leaves were eaten off as high as the stags could reach, the tokens of a foray that had been carried out in the night. In the turnip-field, too, the farmer found the tracks of the antlered marauders, who never trouble to finish a turnip as a sheep does, but take one bite out of it and

impatiently toss it away, spoiling far more than they eat, and conscious, as they seemingly are, that the farmer is too good a friend of sport to take down his old double-barrel and lie in wait for them. On one farm near Haddon forty deer were seen feeding in a single turnip-field, and neither men nor dogs could keep them away.

The pressure of hunger, which brought the wild things of the moor and wood down to the cultivated fields and the neighbourhood of the farmsteads, at first the result of the deep snow, was intensified by the black frost that followed. The bold foraging of the red-deer was more successful than the forlorn search for food of the rabbits, who were soon driven to bark the trees, shut off as they were from the grass by the frozen snow. The frost-bound turnips in the fields were nibbled by the rabbits and pierced by the wood-doves, while every green thing in unwallled gardens quickly disappeared. The birds died by scores, especially the thrushes and blackbirds. The compassionate women who fed the birds had excellent opportunities for studying the bird-life of the country. To the food supplied came even the shy redwing and the fieldfare, while the purple and green gloss of the fearless starlings was conspicuous in the front rank of the feathered pensioners. The bluetit, the bullfinch, the chaffinch, the yellow linnet, added their bright colouring to the more sober tints of the thrushes and blackbirds, but the presence of so much bird life was made strange by the absence of song.

The stillness of the day was succeeded by the deeper stillness of the frost-bound night. The brown wood-owls, which had filled the wooded hillsides with their hootings before the coming of the hard weather, were silent, and even the white screech-owl was dumb. Over the spacious fields of snow brooded like death the cold silence of the frost. In the early night the hollow deep of heaven was thick with stars that palpitated like living diamonds through the clear frosty air. At a later hour the stars paled before the moonrise, when the moon, almost at the full, looked down, its silver orb changed to gold by contrast with the white universal glare of a world of snow. The shadows of the forest trees were silhouetted darkly against the white slopes, and only one who has wandered in snowy forest glades by moonlight knows what effects of light and shade this winter's nights have shown.

By the cascades of the mountain river, which still shook from its dark mane the bridle of the frost, though jagged jewelry of ice already began to spangle the edge of the black water in the stiller pools and reaches, one saw the truth of a seldom-observed effect of nature, a touch so rare in Rossetti, while one noted how

"Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam."

Climbing through the hanging woods where the wood-paths led one out above some strong-rivered combe, the murmur of falling water came up through the white frost foliage of the wood from the bottom of the valley like a sound of enchantment in an enchanted land. And all the time, behind one's deep consciousness of this pure beauty of the winter, lurked a tantalizing subconsciousness of suffering, "the mystery of all this unintelligible world," that accompanied the beauty like its shadow; of the fact that one's enjoyment flowed from the same cause as another's misery; a subconsciousness that forced one to reflect that while one loved and enjoyed snow and all the forms of the radiant frost, the wild things of wood and mountain were shrinking under the grasp of the cold, and innocent little feathered lives were ebbing away, frozen stiff as their failing strength clung to the ice-filmed boughs, and in poor cottages old men and women, whose labouring days were done, shivered in fireless bedrooms where not even a fireplace had been provided, and under scanty coverings half-fed little children huddled together for warmth, like the little birds on the boughs outside, and, as a sombre background based upon all these suffering lives, our rich legislators and capitalists, in magnificent town mansions, drank rare vintages, and their wives spent what would have fed the whole countryside for a year on jewels and dress, on the pomp considered necessary to entertain in smart society, or even on the quickly melted magnificence of a single ball.

DISCOVERIES IN VARIATION.

THE progress of science is not the course of a trained pack in full cry on a keen scent. From time to time the method of the chase and even the conception of what is being pursued alter. Since Darwin's generalizations made the dry bones of comparative anatomy live, the trail along which naturalists have most ardently pursued the problem of species has been the formation of pedigrees. If existing species of animals be connected by common descent, their structure should reveal the degrees of kinship amongst them. Until the last year or two, the account of every new anatomical or embryological investigation was deemed incomplete until it had a new pedigree of the animal in question appended.

At the present time naturalists are beginning to realize that the recording of descent has gone at least as far as anatomical and embryological data permit. The study of variation is the newly favoured method of attacking the problem of species. All naturalists are agreed that the differences among species have arisen from those differences among individuals known as variations. It is a matter of the commonest observation that these variations among individuals are of different kinds. Every gardener, every breeder of animals, knows what is meant by the term "sports." Among a number of plants grown from the same set of seeds there may be found an individual differing from its neighbours in some striking fashion. The colour or the odour may be novel, the leaves of unwonted shape, or even the whole symmetry of the flower may be on a distinct plan, as, for instance, a lily with its floral organs in fives instead of in threes. The animal "sport" may have hair of a different texture or colour; it may have an unfamiliar number or arrangement in the bones of some part of the skeleton, or some other striking peculiarity. Such "sports" are by no means rare, specimens are preserved in every museum, descriptions of them are to be found in every local newspaper. In the extreme case such sudden alterations are spoken of as "monstrosities," and may be manifestly detrimental to the life of the creature, sometimes destroying it even before its birth. But monstrosities, interesting as they are, for the most part have their origin in disordered natural processes. They are the accidents of Nature's workshop, fusions of growing twins, lacerations of young organisms, the local diseases of parts. They are occurrences abnormal in the grossest sense of the word, and cannot be supposed to have a share in the orderly evolution of living things.

The lesser abnormalities known as "sports" offer more hope to the inquiring naturalist. The five-rayed lily or the straight-haired sheep are as perfect in all their functions as their normal fellows. They are unnatural only in the sense that they are violations of the plain law of heredity, that they are new creations unlike their begetters. Have any of the existing species and races sprung suddenly from the parent stock, perfect in the completeness of their new type? Do we fail in so many cases to find existing or fossil links binding together existing species because, although species have arisen by descent, the descent has not been by slow gradations? These are questions now being asked by naturalists, although as yet the answers are of the vaguest.

At the discussion on variation, held by the Royal Society last week, another kind of variation came into prominence. It has long been known that the individuals of any species differ from each other in innumerable minute respects. These differences occur in every organ, in every part of the body, and, naturally, it has occurred to many, from Darwin and Wallace onwards, that the differences between species may have been compounded of such minute differences between individuals. The mightiest changes may come about by the continuous accumulation of the smallest increments. In these perpetual minute differences, is there not abundant material for the operation of natural selection, and by such operation may there not in due course have been produced the gross differences between species? The obvious difficulty is, that we cannot see how differences so minute as those we know to occur could have been of advantage or disadvantage to their possessors. Would a giraffe with its neck a millimetre longer than

those of its fellows have an advantage in the struggle for existence? Could the first infinitesimal traces of any organ be of any use at all?

Professor Weldon, acting for a committee of the Royal Society, has approached the problem by the method of statistics. "Do not trouble," he says, "with vague speculations about function and advantage or disadvantage; but measure and tabulate variations as they actually occur." Pursuing this method, he has been measuring two dimensions of the shell in over seven thousand female specimens of the shore-crab, taken in Plymouth Sound. The first result of this laborious work was the demonstration that, between the extremes of variation, every intermediate degree occurred the most probable number of times. Variation followed the law of probability, as closely as when, a dozen dice having been thrown on the table some thousand times, each of the combinations that were formed appeared nearly exactly the number of times that a mathematician would have foretold. So far, then, the exact evidence obtained by Professor Weldon justified the anticipations of many naturalists. Variation occurs in every direction, with complete symmetry; it does not occur in a definite direction as if it were following some inherent tendency of the animal to develop in a particular fashion. These minute variations offer a fair field for natural selection to reject or select.

The next step in the examination was to sort out the measurements into groups representing crabs of different ages. Thereupon it was found that a striking difference occurred between the two sets of dimensions. In the one set, at all the different ages each variation occurred the most probable number of times. But in the other set, although in early life each variation occurred the most probable number of times, in adult life a particular variation occurred less than the most probable number of times. It seemed, in fact, as if crabs with this particular character had less chance of surviving to adult life than their fellows. A special selective destruction, amounting to a death-rate of seven per cent, appeared to have been acting upon those with this unfavourable variation.

The part of the animal upon which the natural conditions at Plymouth seem to act definitely, rejecting a particular variation, is the breadth of the anterior margin of the shell, and the special interest of this result is that the breadth of the front of the shell is a character that distinguishes species. Were the existing species produced by natural selection? This new method of investigation seems to be on the way to prove that at Plymouth to-day natural selection is operating in relation to the same character that was acted upon directly or indirectly when the existing species were produced.

M. HUYSMANS AS MYSTIC.

TO the student of psychology, few more interesting cases could be presented than the development of M. Huysmans. He began his literary career, nearly twenty years ago, as a realist, more unflinchingly absorbed in the ugliness of reality than even Zola himself. "Marthe: Histoire d'une Fille," published at Brussels in 1876, is one of the most brutal books ever written. "Les Sœurs Vatar" and "En Ménage," which followed, are both sordid studies in the most sordid side of life; it is with all the dull persistence of hate that they detail, gloatingly, the long and dreary chronicle of insignificant, disagreeable, daily distresses. The end of "En Ménage" leaves us with this note of despairing resignation: "Peut-être bien que l'éternelle bêtise de l'humanité voudra de nous, et que, semblable à nos concitoyens, nous aurons ainsi qu'eux le droit de vivre enfin respectés et stupides!" In "A Rebours" the realist has outgrown the creeds and the methods of realism, and we have an astonishing picture of the artificial paradise in which a perverse imagination can isolate itself in the midst of all the healthy and intolerable commonplaces of contemporary existence. The book is the one real, the one quintessential, book which has been produced by the literature vaguely called decadent. And, in giving final expression to this theory of the charm of

what is diseased, unnaturally beautiful, to this lust of strange sensations, it ends with an even more hopeless cry of dissatisfaction: "Seigneur, prenez pitié du chrétien qui doute, de l'incrédule qui voudrait croire, du forçat de la vie qui s'embarque seul, dans la nuit, sous un firmament qui n'éclairait plus les consolants fanaux du vieil espoir!" In "Là-Bas" we are in yet another stage of this strange pilgrim's progress. The disgust which once manifested itself in the merely external revolt against the ugliness of streets, the stupidity of faces, has become more and more internalized, and the attraction of what is perverse in the unusual beauty of art has led, by some obscure route, to the perilous half-way house of a corrupt mysticism. "Là-Bas," with its monstrous pictures of the Black Mass and the spiritual abominations of Satanism, is one step further in the direction of the supernatural; and it, too, ends desperately: "mais ce siècle se fiche absolument du Christ en gloire; il contamine le surnaturel et vomit l'au-delà." After this there was but one more step to take, and M. Huysmans has taken it. "En Route" is the story of a conversion, and, surely, the strangest story of the strangest conversion that was ever seen. Durtal, the hero of the book, is the same personage whom we have seen in "Là-Bas," and this personage is neither more nor less than M. Huysmans himself, under the very faintest of disguises. The book makes no pretence to being a novel; it has no incidents save the visit to this church or that, to Saint Sulpice or Saint Séverin, and the ten days' retreat at La Trappe. It is entirely concerned with the history of a soul, and this intense preoccupation has modified even the contours and colours of a style which was the most visible and tangible of any writer of our day. It is true that we get something of the old manner in some of the passages referring to music, to architecture; as, for example, in those wonderful pages in which the cycle of the liturgy is compared to the jewels of the Gothic crown in the Musée de Cluny.

"Et le grand Lapidaire avait commencé son œuvre en incrustant, dans ce diadème d'offices, l'hymne de saint Ambroise, et l'invocation tirée de l'Ancien Testament, le 'Rorate coeli,' ce chant mélancolique de l'attente et du regret, cette gemme fumeuse, violacée, dont l'eau s'éclaire alors qu'après chacune de ses strophes, surgit la déprecation solennelle des patriarches appelant la présence tant espérée du Christ. . . . Et, subitement, sur cette couronne éclatait, après les feux las des Carêmes, l'escarboucle en flamme de la Passion. Sur la suite bouleversée d'un ciel, une croix rouge se dressait et des hourras majestueux et des cris explorés acclamaient le Fruit ensanglanté de l'arbre; et la 'Vexilla regis' se répétait encore, le dimanche suivant, à la férie des Rameaux qui joignait à cette prose de Fortunat l'hymne verte qu'elle accompagnait d'un bruit soyeux de palmes, le 'Gloria, laus et honor' de Théodulphe."

But for the most part the language is chastened and constrained into a sort of severity, in which the sharpness and strength of words are used, no longer decoratively, and for their own sakes, but as the most forcible and acute means of expression; demonstrating, indeed, in a particular instance, the exact contrary of this very true general statement: "Non, il n'y a pas à le nier, la complexion de notre race n'est évidemment point ductile à suivre, à expliquer les agissements de Dieu travaillant au centre profond de l'âme, là, où est l'ovaire des pensées, la source même des conceptions; elle est réfractaire à rendre, par la force expressive des mots, le fracas ou le silence de la grâce éclatant dans le domaine ruiné des fautes, inapte à extraire de ce monde secret des œuvres de psychologie, comme celles de sainte Térèse et de saint Jean de la Croix, d'art, comme celles de Voragine ou de la sœur Emmerich." And indeed, in modern French, the book is new; it is a "confession," a self-auscultation of the soul, not in the pleasant and superficial manner of the professed "psychologues," such as M. Bourget, to whom the soul is a dainty cluster of touching and elegant sentiments, but with a certain hard, dry casuistry, a subtlety and a closeness truly ecclesiastical, in the investigation of an obscure and yet definite region, whose intellectual passions are as varied and tumultuous as those of the heart. In this astonishing passage, through Satanism to Faith, in which the

cry "Je suis si las de moi, si dégoûté de ma misérable vie," echoes through page after page, until despair dies into conviction, the conviction of "l'inutilité de se soucier d'autre chose que de la mystique et de la liturgie, de penser à autre chose qu'à Dieu," it is impossible to see a mere exploit of rhetoric, a mere flight of fancy; it has the sincerity of a real, a unique, experience. The force of mere curiosity can go far, can penetrate to a certain depth; yet there is a certain point at which mere curiosity, even that of genius, comes to an end; and we are left to the individual soul's apprehension of what seems to it the reality of spiritual things. Such a personal apprehension we cannot but recognize in these words, for instance: "Ce qu'il ressentait, depuis que sa chair le laissait plus lucide, était si insensible, si indéfinissable, si continu pourtant, qu'il devait renoncer à comprendre. En somme, chaque fois qu'il voulait descendre en lui-même, un rideau de brume se levait qui masquait la marche invisible et silencieuse d'il ne savait quoi. La seule impression qu'il rapportait, en remontant, c'est que c'était bien moins lui qui s'avancait dans l'inconnu, que cet inconnu que l'envahissait, le pénétrait, s'emparait, peu à peu, de lui." Such a personal apprehension, again, comes to us, even more unmistakably, in those remarkable pages, near the end of the book, where Durtal enters "la Nuit obscure" of the Catholic mystics, a passage unlike anything else in Huysmans, where, at one point, the very words fail him, and he breaks off with: "Ce fut inexprimable; car rien ne peut rendre les anxiétés, les angoisses de cet état par lequel il faut avoir passé pour le comprendre." Yet, just as, in the days when he forced language to express, in a more coloured and pictorial way than it had ever expressed before, the last escaping details of material things, so, in this analysis of the aberrations and warfares, the confusions and triumphs of the soul in penitence, seeking light and rest, he has found words for even the most subtle and illusive aspects of that inner life which he has come, finally, to apprehend. The book is not an emotional one, much of its strength lies in its sobriety, and certainly much of its curiosity in the ratiocinative tone which pervades it. Every step is taken deliberately, is weighed, approved, condemned, viewed from this side and from that, and at the same time one feels a certain impulsion urging forward this self-analytic soul against its will, in spite of its protests, doubts, and revolts, along a fixed path. The sense of this impelling, this indwelling force, the grace of God, we are led to suppose, is conveyed to us throughout the whole book with an extraordinary skill. The whole book is a sort of thinking aloud; it fixes, in precise words, all the uncertainties, the contradictions, the absurd unreasonableness and not less absurd logic, which distract man's brain in the passing over him of sensation and circumstance. And all this thinking is concentrated on one end, is concerned with the working out, in his own singular way, of one man's salvation. Once again, the conclusion is unsatisfying: "Paris et Notre-Dame-de-l'Atre m'ont rejeté à tour de rôle comme une épave et me voici condamné à vivre dépareillé, car je suis encore trop homme de lettres pour faire un moine et je suis cependant déjà trop moine pour rester parmi des gens de lettres." But the title reminds us that after all this is only "En Route." What will be the next step, one wonders? Whatever it is, it can hardly fail to be surprising, it can hardly fail to be in some sort logical, for M. Huysmans' development has hitherto been along an ascending spiral, an enigmatical but always ascending spiral of the soul.

MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AS A GENTLEMAN.

"Gentleman Joe." A New Musical Farce. Words and Lyrics by Basil Hood. Music by Walter Slaughter. Prince of Wales Theatre, 2 March, 1895.

IT is impossible to sit out an entertainment like "Gentleman Joe" without reflecting on the enormous part played in the theatre by hypnotic suggestion. At what point I fall a victim to it myself I of course do not know. No "professor" in the world can persuade me that a glass of paraffin oil is a bumper of Imperial Tokay. But as I look back on my earliest impressions

of certain performances which completely dominated my imagination, I have to admit that my view of them was very far from being a sane and objective one. And now that it is my business as a critic to gain such a sane and objective view over the whole field of art, I sometimes find myself at the theatre in a state of distressingly complete sanity among neighbours who are in the wildest ecstasies at nothing. This was my predicament at "Gentleman Joe." A variety of causes have produced a powerful hypnotic suggestion that Mr. Arthur Roberts is a buffoon of almost superhuman powers, and that the musical farces "written round him," as the technical phrase goes, are immensely exhilarating, racy, up-to-date, and necessary to complete the experience of every dashing young undergraduate in the joy of life. The spell is undeniably successful, though nothing but the fear of seeming to pose as a superior person prevents me from adding that the weakness of its subjects has a great deal to do with its apparently irresistible strength. At any rate, it did not operate on me. When Mr. Roberts, on the sands at Margate, turned to a gentleman who was about to annihilate a sand castle, and told him not to sit down on the Christmas pudding, I sat patiently enduring whilst all around me roared with merriment. And again, when, wishing to convey to the audience that one of the persons on the stage was beside himself, he tapped his forehead and said, "Balmy on the crumpet," I, having long ago exhausted such delight as lurks in that fantastic expression, heaved a sigh amid the general laughter. I do not deny that these sallies are funny in comparison with absolute vacuity; but surely, since private life supplies rather more than enough of them free of charge, one need not go to the trouble and expense of a visit to the theatre to procure them. Then there were certain humours which probably made a majority of the audience uneasy, and were not witty enough to excuse the company for condescending to them. For example, Mr. Roberts, as Gentleman Joe, the hansom cabby, comes to see his sweetheart. He says to the butler, "Where's Emma?" The butler replies, "Emma is getting ready to see you, and is taking off her things." Mr. Roberts receives this in such a way as to show that the line may be construed to mean that the young lady is undressing herself completely; and the house, pleased at its own cleverness in finding this out, and at Mr. Roberts' artfulness in suggesting it, laughs at the schoolboy indecency for fully half a minute. Again, Mr. Roberts is conversing with Miss Kitty Loftus, the sweetheart aforesaid, who has a piece of frilling in her hand. He asks her what it is. "That," she tells him, "is frilling for me to wear." "Where?" he asks; and as "where" and "wear" make a sort of pun, there is a faint laugh from the quicker wits present. "In my hat," is Miss Loftus's answer. Whereupon Mr. Roberts, by appropriate pantomime, makes it appear that he had supposed the frilling to belong to her undergarments; and there is again a huge guffaw. Now this sort of thing is to me mere silly misbehaviour, and I want to have it banished from the stage. The question is, how is it to be done? The Censorship, even if there were no larger grounds for condemning it, is worse than useless here; for in the two instances given above, the first arose on a line which no Censor could possibly object to without exposing himself to the charge of having an intolerably prurient imagination; whilst the second enjoys the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, although the incident of the frilling is dragged in by the ears, for the express purpose of Mr. Roberts' ribaldry, with an obviousness which even the most angelically innocent Censor could not possibly miss if he did his duty with any sort of intelligent vigilance. The Censorship of the public is of no use either, because part of any audience is sure to laugh—even the people who are annoyed cannot all help laughing; and the others will put up with an offensive passage or two for the sake of the rest of the entertainment sooner than make a fuss about an unpleasant matter. As for the critics, they must either complain of Mr. Roberts' coarseness in general terms, thereby leaving the extent of the evil to the imagination, or else they must do what I have been compelled to do: that is, describe the objectionable passages with an exactitude which jars disagreeably on my readers and myself. There is,

fortunately, another power to appeal to—the self-respect of the artist. Although the qualities found in Mr. Roberts' performances by the hypnotized young gentlemen in the stalls of the Prince of Wales Theatre are nine-tenths imaginary, none the less must an actor possess a great deal of merit to outstrip all his competitors in the struggle to be rated as the most entertaining performer of his class in London. Granted that the Arthur Roberts of the popular imagination has no objective existence; that dozens of artists at the music-halls and in the provincial pantomimes can sing a comic song as well as he; that London is familiar with better dancers and pantomimists; and that his popularity is widest among people whose admiration is not worth having, still he has intense comic force, an eye for characteristic London street and shop types hardly inferior to Mr. Phil May's, much shrewdness and tact, and great skill and experience. Some day, when his younger admirers outgrow their taste for him, and the coming generations find him as old-fashioned as Mr. Toole, he will take to acting, and probably earn a distinguished place as a low comedian. Mr. Roberts, in short, has plenty of dignity as an artist if he will only stand on it. He dare not carry indecorum far enough to satisfy the people who like it, though he can and does go quite far enough to disgust the people who do not like it. When he says to Miss Jenoure, "May I take you on one side for a moment?" in such a way as to make the speech an insult, he simply throws away his own respectability and that of his art for nothing, since nobody can possibly be so feeble-minded as to see any wit in the perception of such a point or any cleverness in the execution of it. I strongly recommend Mr. Roberts to drop it; and I suggest to the author, Mr. Basil Hood, who must be aware of the turn given to his lines, and to the management, who are equally responsible with the author and performer, that they should immediately signify to Mr. Roberts that they would prefer not to have the three points I have mentioned made in future.

At the same time, I am of opinion that these entertainments would be far more enjoyable if they were not so depressingly moral. Let them be courageously written from the point of view of the devil's advocate; and then there will be conviction in them, interest in them, and wit in them. For example, I have not the slightest objection to Yvette Guibert singing "Les Vierges." In that song you hear virtue attacked with bitter irony by a poet who does not believe in it and—I must not say by an artist who does not believe in it either, but at all events by one who has the power of throwing herself with mordant intensity into the poet's attitude for the moment. Let us by all means have whole plays written like "Les Vierges," in which the votaries of pleasure can religiously put forward their creed against the idealists and the Puritans. There would be life in that—purpose, honesty, reality, and the decency which arises spontaneously beside them. But a timidly conventional play like "Gentleman Joe," with its abject little naughtinesses furtively slipped in under cover of the tamest propriety, and with a pitiful whoop at the end about a debauched clergyman riding in a cab with a lady, of whom Mr. Roberts sings

Perhaps she was his aunt,
Or another Mrs. Chant,

—all this is about as lively as the performances of the children who make faces at their teachers in Sunday-school. The nearest approach to a witty line in "Gentleman Joe" is Mrs. Ralli-Carr's reply to the question, "Why don't you divorce your husband?" "I can't prove the cruelty"; but this faint attempt to say something scandalous with piquant indirectness was too subtle for the audience.

As usual in such entertainments, there is a tedious preliminary "exposition" of the relations between the characters. Nobody listens to it. Mr. Roberts is a hansom cabman who is mistaken most impossibly for a lord. He has his moments of clever mimicry, as well as one good passage of acting, where he becomes respectful to the lady whom he has mistaken for a servant. The quaint line, "Excuse me keeping my hat off," is the only one in the piece which shows the artist under the buffoon and caricaturist. A touch of cheap "John Anderson my jo" sentiment in the duet with Miss Kitty

Loftus in the last act was a huge relief after all the dead galvanized vivacity that preceded it. Miss Sadie Jerome, a dashing American lady, made a huge effect by launching her name "Potts" in one enormous consonantal convulsion at the end of her song. Miss Kate Cutler sang nicely; and Mr. Philp, a rather throaty tenorino, just at the age at which throaty tenorinos are agreeable, delivered himself acceptably of a ballad. Miss Jenoure, as Mrs. Ralli-Carr, had a part in which she saw no harm. Possibly the author found her innocuousness disappointing. I did not.

The music, by Mr. Walter Slaughter, does not contain a single novel or even passably fresh point either in melody, harmony, or orchestration. The song in the "old English" style, sung by Miss Cutler, was almost the only passage which Mr. Slaughter seemed to have composed with any feeling or enjoyment. G. B. S.

JOACHIM AND THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

IN the stalls, the balcony, the orchestra, and the gallery of St. James's Hall on any Monday evening in the winter season, you may see people who have attended the Popular Concerts for more years than they are anxious to have reckoned up. As Elia would ever be playing cards with Bridget, so would these people ever be drinking in the pure and liquid strains of Lady Halle's violin, and it may well be they hope for no better heaven than one where it is always Monday evening. Once in a while their quiet is broken, and we doubt whether the more violent delights of Sauer's, or Paderewski's, or even Joachim's playing compensate them for the measured raptures of an ordinary concert. Twice lately have they suffered storm. Of Mr. Sauer's appearance it is needless to say much; our opinion of Mr. Sauer is perfectly well known. His considerable powers do not entitle him to a place in the first rank of pianists; and still less do they justify his agents in advertising him—and with unsurpassed impudence he was recently so advertised in a northern provincial town—as "the greatest living pianist." A Popular Concert audience justly received him with acclamation. That is intelligible enough. But the overwhelming reception which Joachim gets every year has long piqued the curiosity of the present writer, who may as well confess to being an inveterate "Pop"-goer. Joachim has his merits, we all know; that they are transcendent, some of us allow; but are they of the kind one would expect to appeal to Mr. Chappell's supporters? Clearly not; and the puzzle of Joachim's popularity is further complicated by the patent fact that after him Lady Halle is next favourite; and her art is not only the antipodes of Joachim's, but the sort of art to which Joachim's cannot come as a relief. Fastidiousness is her ruling trait; and Joachim is never fastidious. Crystalline purity of tone, perfect intonation, precise phrasing, cleanness of execution in florid and involved passages, delicate shading that errs on the side of over-restraint, these qualities we look for and find in Lady Halle's playing. On the other hand, Joachim often—far too often—plays execrably out of tune, and gives us a terrible scratchiness of tone that becomes unbearably harsh in the upper registers; he slashes his bravura passages recklessly, rough-hews his phrasing, and passes beyond ludicrous exaggeration into extravagant buffoonery. Like many men who came under the influence of the shallow Jew, Mendelssohn, while they were still young, some of his best qualities have suffered blastment; and, as on Monday last, he destroys a Bach sonata without remorse, for he does not know his sin, or, as on the previous Saturday, without compunction he takes the solemnly passionate adagio from Beethoven's C minor sonata (Op. 30, No. 2) at an easy trot, and shakes it down into a movement empty enough to have emanated from the Royal College of Music or the Leipzig Conservatoire. All Joachim's many shortcomings we cheerfully admit; and then we assert that the man does play at times so as almost to warrant the most encomiastic things said of him by critics of his own race. There are people who have heard him many times, and declare that never in their experience did he play well; but, for our part, we rarely sit through a Joachim concert without ultimately receiving our reward in at least one spell of inspired

interpretation. The waiting is often long and dreary, for he is no great fiddler who can cover the weakness of his uninspired moments by wonderful technical displays or uniformly lovely tone: he is no great fiddler, but rather a consummate interpretative musician who fiddles; and when the execution does not come up to his conception he makes matters worse by forcing the pace and thrashing his strings until the jarring sense of discord reaches the limits of what human nerves can endure. Then unexpectedly the moment arrives, he slips into the right groove, his better genius seems to take the bow from his right hand and miraculously control the fingers of his left, and the tones come forth from his violin magnificently strong—not glowing in voluptuous splendour like Sarasate's, nor with the silver purity of Lady Halle's—but throbbing, alive, with something human in their accent that reminds one that, after all, Joachim has always aimed high and sought to get the essential qualities of the human voice into his playing. All exaggeration melts away; the player's technique becomes masterful, his phrasing strong and lucid, his florid passages clean-cut, even his intonation fairly true. But these points we remember later; at the time we are conscious only of the high gift of expression which Joachim sole amongst modern violinists possesses: the power of voicing not the player's but the composer's emotions. Not only is the dramatic accent true, but the tone colour, the "clang-tint," is astonishingly appropriate. In the delivery of the "Death and the Maiden" theme in the Schubert quartet played on 25 February, the tone was tragic, sinister; in the major variation, which is Schubert's way of singing

"surely he takes his fill

Of deep and liquid rest,"

it became tender beyond belief; and thus he ever varies it, when the mood is on him, using only to the finest ends the wonderful capabilities of the violin which lesser men prostitute when they make their instruments crow like cocks, cackle like geese, or shriek unholy dances for witches to dance to. To come to an end then: only in his inspired moments is revealed the incomparable artist, the Joachim who is worth admiration; as for the fellow who plays with Bach, takes Beethoven skittishly, and insists upon wearing us with tedious Brahms sonatas, he is a commonplace, rather unskilful mechanic, unfortunately sometimes a pretentious mechanic.

The audiences of the Popular Concerts applaud the mechanic as enthusiastically as the artist; and this forces us to relinquish any attempt to solve the riddle of Joachim's popularity, for we are loth to fall back on the hypothesis that he is the mere embodiment of a reputation somehow gained in the bad old Mendelssohn days. Concerning one other riddle we are a little curious: of what use are the analytic programmes on sale at the "Pops"? These concerts are of infinitely greater value to students than all the teaching to be had in all the music-schools of London; and it seems a pity that the programmes, which might be a source of instruction to the young and a source of interest to the older hands, should be made useless to the one and dull for the other by the ignorance and narrowness of the analyst. To call every passage "humorous" that the said analyst cannot understand (and they are many) shows a pitiable lack of invention; to apply the term to some of Mozart's most pathetic touches is exasperating to the reader; to say that one theme is "as 'humorous' as another is melodious," indicates something like imbecility. If good letterpress cannot be had, why does not Mr. Chappell drop out the bad altogether, keeping only the musical illustrations? Some such alteration, and a little broadening in the spirit of the programmes, are all the improvements required to keep the Popular Concerts level with the times.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE slightly increased demand for money which we noticed last week has subsided, and the negotiation by Messrs. Rothschild of £1,200,000 of Chilean Government Five per Cent Treasury Bills has had no appreciable effect on the market rate. It is possible that the impending conversion of the Chilean paper dollar may create a temporary demand; and the prob-

able contingency of a heavy Chinese loan has to be taken into account, as well as the further requirements of the Austrian Government. We do not, however, see any immediate prospect of a material advance, although some momentary pressure may arise from the repayment, yesterday and to-day, of the £2,000,000 borrowed last week from the Bank of England.

The Chilian Treasury Bills are said to have been issued in anticipation of the proceeds of recent sales of public nitrate lands which have been effected to assist in the accumulation of specie in connection with the introduction of a gold standard. Whatever may be thought of the policy of this proceeding, the issue of the Bills has certainly tended to improve Chilian credit, and the price at which they have since changed hands seems to show that the Government might have obtained the money they required on more favourable terms.

Not the least amusing result of the London County Council election has been the prompt recovery of the Water Companies' securities from their terribly depressed condition last week. If this movement is merely an indication that the shareholders think their chances of fair and even liberal treatment are increased by the altered composition of the Council, that is all very well; but if they are lulling themselves in fancied security from further attack, we warn them that there will come another rude awakening. Every one is tired of the methods of administration so long pursued by the Companies, and it will be the business of men of all parties to co-operate in the development of a scheme for transferring the control of the water-supply to a properly constituted authority.

Business on the Stock Exchange has continued dull in most departments. Consols have exhibited a gradual upward tendency, and we should not be surprised to see the price rise still higher next week. Foreign stocks have remained practically stationary, the only features worthy of note being a rise in Chilian and Guatemalan issues and a further fall in Uruguayan.

The returns of the working of the British Railway Companies continue very unsatisfactory, and the prices of the stocks are in most cases slightly lower than they were a week ago. The announcement made towards the close of last week that Mr. W. L. Jackson had been appointed chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company on the retirement of Lord Colville of Culross caused some improvement in the Company's Deferred Stock, but this has not been maintained. American Railways have about recovered from a slight fall at the beginning of the week, which may have been partly due to a rumour that no dividend would be paid for the second half of last year by the Chicago and Milwaukee line. It is now understood that the dividend will be at the rate of 1 per cent for the half-year. There has been a large amount of speculation for the fall, and this, of course, will have a reactionary effect on prices when the time comes for the "bear" account to be closed. The prices of Canadian Railway Stock continue to decline, and so far as we can see with every reason.

There has been considerable activity in the mining department throughout the week. The Paris speculation, too, shows no sign of abatement, and has been supported by similar tactics at Brussels. Consequently prices are higher all round. This is particularly the case as regards what is known as the "Barnato" group, in which there have been considerable purchases on both English and French accounts. No doubt these "securities" offer a tempting field to speculators, but the honest investor, if he is wise, will steer clear of them, or, at any rate, look carefully into the facts before he parts with his money.

Four more members of the Stock Exchange have been expelled during the past week, and there are indications of a further exodus. "The House" has also been the scene of an immense amount of virtuous indignation on the part of the "victims" of a "rig" in the shares of a new mine calling

itself "Australia, Limited," of which the prospectus was issued a fortnight ago. The course of proceedings was at once simple and instructive. The prospectus was couched in the now familiar language of glowing eulogy, and the shares, while yet unallotted, were quoted at a substantial premium. Several speculators forthwith proceeded to "bear" them, fully expecting, no doubt, to make a handsome profit by the transaction. But they reckoned without their host. By the time the day of allotment arrived, the directors and their friends had become so enamoured of their new venture that they could not induce themselves to allot to outsiders more than a small percentage of the amount applied for; and the worthy individuals, who, having sold what they did not possess, had, of course, to cover themselves somehow, were fain to buy £1 shares at £7 apiece in order to get out of the mess. And now these injured innocents are talking of legal proceedings, and a prosecution for conspiracy, and all the rest of it! It is certainly very annoying to be beaten outright at one's own game, especially when a prospective profit is thereby converted into a serious loss. But it is a prime maxim with self-respecting gamblers to lose with a good grace, and the pot has never yet gained anything but ridicule by calling the kettle black. Indeed, we are not sure that in this instance the "bears" do not owe a debt of gratitude to the "riggers" for the moderation of their demands. They should remember that those who took similar liberties with "Warner's Safe Cure" were much more severely handled. However, it is a great pity that the Committee of the Stock Exchange cannot be induced to prohibit absolutely all dealings in shares before allotment, and so to put an end to these discreditable scandals.

NEW ISSUES.

THE F. A. THOMPSON GROUP.

We received the following letter too late for insertion in our last issue:

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your issue of 23 February, and your reference to me therein contained, under the heading of "New Issues, &c.," I should like to call your attention to certain inaccuracies that appear therein re "Mainland Consols." I am at a loss to conjecture whence you obtained your information that the "capital of the Mainland Consols, Limited, had been subscribed three times over," as no official information of this kind has ever been made or authoritatively published. I cordially endorse your remarks that "it is time, we think, to state the actual facts," especially in view of the figures which you put forward, in the article mentioned, as being correct, after the laboured examination of the allotment sheets which you and your assistant made on calling at the Company's office recently to inspect the register.

The facts are these: The capital of the Company is £150,000, divided into 150,000 shares of £1 each, of which it was stipulated by the original owners of the property in Western Australia that a minimum of 15,000 shares should be allotted to them as fully paid. It was also stipulated by the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, that, in the terms of the prospectus, a minimum of 35,000 shares should be allotted to them in part payment of the purchase consideration, and these conditions were duly complied with.

Upon the public issue of the prospectus, the total number of shares applied for was 223,336, on which 2s. 6d. per share was paid by the applicants to the Company's bankers. These figures appear in full upon the allotment sheets of the Company, to which you had access, and every opportunity of examining to the fullest extent; yet you suppress them, inserting an inaccurate statement of your own instead.

Shareholders in the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, were, by the terms of the prospectus, entitled to priority in allotment, and, presumably, the cases of the "lady" and "clerk in holy orders," whose cause you so nobly champion, came under this category.

I applied for 1,004 shares, and had allotted to me 504 shares, in the Mainland Consols, Limited, an amount which

I do not consider excessive, in view of the fact that I am a director of the Company, and, from what I know of the property acquired, I should have been quite pleased to have had the larger amount.

It would have been very much fairer to myself and those associated with me upon the Companies mentioned, had you published the entire directorates of the same, as it would then have appeared in nearly every instance that there is a majority on the Board, so far as numbers are concerned, outside of what you are pleased to term "The F. A. Thompson Group."

In this connection, I think, by reading between the lines, the object of your publication of this list is apparent, —i.e. to call the attention of the public to the number of directorships held by me; and I think I may be permitted to point out that, as I am a mining engineer by profession, my education and the knowledge I have gained during several years' experience in the practice of that profession may befit me to fill, satisfactorily to the shareholders, a larger number of such positions than one could do without having previously gained this knowledge and experience. However this may be, I do not think you will find, on the part of my colleagues upon any of the Boards you mention, any complaint against me for lack of attendance, or neglect of any part of the work or the responsibility.

It is quite true that I was at one time chairman of the Decatur Mines Syndicate, and director (not chairman) of the Van Ryn Estate and Gold Mining Company, Ltd. My letters to these Companies containing my resignation also gave my reasons for the same, and the secretaries of these Companies respectively have my fullest consent to show you or your representative these letters. So, if it is interesting to you, as intimated in your article referred to above, to learn under what circumstances my connection with them ceased, you have it in your power to do so. If for any reason an inspection of these letters should be refused you by those Companies, you can see press copies of them at my office.

In common fairness both to your readers and myself I have to request that you will give the same prominence to this reply in your next issue that was accorded to the article which appeared in your journal of the 23rd inst. —Yours faithfully,
F. A. THOMPSON.

54 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.,
28 February, 1895.

We have no desire to deal otherwise than fairly with Mr. F. A. Thompson, and we therefore publish his letter *in extenso*, although it considerably exceeds the limits of space which we have ordinarily at disposal for communications of such a nature. We doubt very much, however, whether the publication of the letter will serve to improve our readers' estimate of either Mr. Thompson or "Mainland Consols." Mr. Thompson tells us that he is "at a loss to conjecture" whence we obtained our information that the capital of that Company had been subscribed three times over. If this statement is intended to make us believe that Mr. Thompson is unaware that an announcement to that effect, concerning an undertaking in which he is so intimately interested, was published in the daily press, let us hasten to assure him that he vastly overrates our credulity. Indeed it is scarcely possible to conceive that such an announcement could have been made at all, unless it had been inspired by Mr. Thompson himself, or by some other member of the Thompson Group. But the letter ignores the possibility of any such channel of advertisement. "No official information of this kind," it says, "has ever been made or *authoritatively published*." And yet we should have thought that the letter, quoted in our articles of the 16th and 23rd of February, from Mr. Whitaker Wright, managing director of the Vendor Company, might be regarded as having authority. We are informed, however, that Mr. Whitaker Wright now desires to disclaim connection with Mr. Thompson and all his works.

We are, at least, glad that Mr. Thompson has made up his mind, in the second paragraph of his letter, to declare some, at any rate, of the facts. Presumably the two stipulations which he now finds it convenient to bring to light were among the hidden contracts covered by the "waiver" clause in the Company's prospectus. It is very certain that they were not stated in "the terms

of the prospectus," and that there was no mention in that document of a minimum allotment of 35,000 shares to the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, as Mr. Thompson implies. Mr. Thompson goes on to complain of an inaccurate statement on our part, but fails to specify the inaccuracy of which he complains. We stated that the amount returned to the applicants for shares was less than £7000, that a considerable part of that sum was returned to the directors and officers of the Company and their friends, and that, on the other hand, spinster applicants for five or ten shares were accommodated in full. Is Mr. Thompson prepared to traverse any of these statements, and, if so, which of them? "Presumably," he says, the "lady" and "clerk in holy orders" were shareholders in the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, and were therefore entitled to priority in allotment. Why "presumably"? Mr. Thompson promised us facts, not presumptions. Were they, or were they not? And what of all the other spinster applicants? Were they, too, all shareholders in the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation? And, if that circumstance entitled them to a full allotment, how was it that Mr. Thompson himself came off so badly as he describes? Is not he a shareholder in a Company of which he is chairman? But, although he obtained little more than half of the somewhat eccentric number of shares for which he applied (we confess to being puzzled by those extra four shares), he essays a species of apology for having so many, while he assures us that he would have been quite pleased to have more. We can assure Mr. Thompson, that, for our part, we should have been quite pleased that he should have had the whole 150,000.

We should scarcely have thought that much "reading between the lines" was needed to understand the object with which we have directed public attention to the proceedings of Mr. Thompson and his allies; but since he seems to be in some doubt on the point, we will tell him frankly what our object is. For reasons which, we imagine, are by this time tolerably apparent to our readers, we have no confidence whatever in Mr. Thompson, or in the Thompson group, or in the Thompson array of gold mines; and it is our intention to do all that in us lies to prevent the public from being victimized by enterprises such as those which Mr. Thompson's qualifications, as he would say, "befit" him to engineer. In pursuance of that intention, we proceed to examine the prospectus of the

GOLDEN CROWN, LIMITED.

This is the very latest offshoot of the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation. We will, at any rate, meet Mr. Thompson's views by giving the names of the directors in full. They are:

The Hon. Howard Spensley, chairman (chairman of the "Mainland Consols, Limited").

Lieut.-General the Hon. Somerset J. Gough-Calthorpe (director of the "West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited").

Lord Douglas of Hawick and Tibbers (director of the "Mainland Consols, Limited," and of the "Robinson Gold Mine, Limited").

Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Cradock-Hartopp (director of the "Mainland Consols, Limited").

William Lonsdale, Esq. (director of the "Kanowna Gold Mining Company, Limited").

The brokers are our old friends Messrs. Haggard, Hale & Pixley, with Messrs. Hardie & Turnbull (of Edinburgh), and the secretary is C. F. Shackel, Esq., of whom we have also heard before.

"This property," says Mr. John Meiklejohn (the italics are his), "*is considered the Show Mine of the White Feather District, and is one of the gems of the entire Coolgardie Gold Fields*"; and Mr. Meiklejohn is the late manager of the "Golden Crown," and, therefore, ought to know. But this is nothing to the testimony of the manager of the Coolgardie Branch of the Union Bank of Australia, Limited, who took over the property on behalf of the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, and who writes (again the prospectus employs italics): "*I have had the shaft from which the prospectors were getting the gold battened down, as the stone is too rich to raise unless some responsible person is on the property.*" When on the top of this we read Mr.

Charles Kaufman's assurance that the trial shafts are "full of visible free gold," we confess to a certain uneasiness lest it may not ultimately be found that some one has run away with the mine. But the doubtless disinterested testimony of these gentlemen would be more convincing if the prospectus had furnished the names of the "responsible parties" who have joined the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation in guaranteeing the cash capital required, and of those mysterious "third parties" whose agreements "in respect of the formation of the Company and the underwriting of part of its capital" are so discreetly covered by the "waiver" clause.

The capital of this attractive undertaking is £100,000, in 100,000 £1 shares; and, as priority will be given to shareholders in the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, it is comforting to think that all Mr. F. A. Thompson's spinster friends, as well as the "clerk in holy orders," will be fully provided for. The Vendor Company's price is £75,000, of which £45,000 at least is to be paid in cash. We sincerely trust that none of our readers' sovereigns will contribute to the pile.

THE RAND SOUTHERN GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Rand has been made responsible for many a delusive and hopeless mining venture, but we question whether the whole history of South African promotions contains a scheme less likely to return a sixpence to its contributors than the Rand Southern Gold Mining Company, Limited. According to the prospectus, the promoter of this concern is a Mr. Francis Lowrey, who fixes the purchase money at £60,000, payable as to £20,000 in cash, £20,000 in fully-paid shares, and £20,000 in cash or shares. The capital is to be £100,000, in 100,000 shares of £1 each; and the public are invited to join in the venture on the strength of a lengthy report by Mr. Louis Campbell-Johnston, M.E., "an authority," we are told, "on the Black Reef," in which he enlarges eloquently on the merits of the property. Now, both these gentlemen are on the directorate of the "Rhodesian Mining and Finance Company, Limited," which we criticized in these columns just a month ago. That Company was admittedly the production of a syndicate calling itself the "Matabeland Adventurers, Limited." We imagine that our readers will regard with considerable suspicion the "Rand Southern Gold Mining Company," when we tell them that, although extraordinary precautions have been taken to conceal the fact, it is in reality being promoted by this identical syndicate, and that Mr. Campbell-Johnston, who reports so favourably on the prospects of the property to be acquired, is no less a person than the chairman of the "Adventurers," who are thus endeavouring to hide their light under Mr. Lowrey's bushel.

The syndicate, so far as we have yet been able to trace its history, came into existence last May, with a purely paper capital of £11,000, nominally to carry into effect some incomprehensible agreement between a commission agent and a shorthand clerk. But the plain fact is that it exists in order to cloak the proceedings of persons who, no doubt, have their own reasons for shrinking from publicity. The moving spirit of this joint-stock dummy is said to be a Mr. George Grant, who has put the finishing touch to a somewhat chequered career by turning company-promoter. At one time a clerk on the Stock Exchange, at another a promising disciple of "absolutely trustworthy" financial journalism, he gradually drifted into a Telegraph Street "bucket-shop," where he held forth for some time on the amazing fortunes to be made out of the late Mr. W. W. Duncan's valuable American Brewery shares. But it was in connection with the scandalous Crystal Reef Company that this estimable individual, together with Mr. Marcus Bebro, another responsible City gentleman, came most prominently before the public—or, rather, to do justice to his modesty, had publicity literally thrust upon him. We do not know whether all the Matabeland adventurers are like Mr. George Grant; but we do know that they are standing behind Mr. Lowrey in a most impudent attempt to extract money from the public for an unproved, and even untried, "mynpacht" in that grave of so many hopes—the Black Reef of the Rand.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CHRISTIANITY AS TAUGHT IN UGANDA."

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

PORTISHEAD, SOMERSET,

14 February, 1895.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct one or two misapprehensions of your reviewer in your notice of my book, "Chronicles of Uganda," in the *Saturday Review* of 19 January?

Referring to my account of the massacre of Hannington's party, he says that the late Bishop lost his life "owing to his determination to enter Uganda by the one forbidden road," and thinks my not stating this an omission. It is enough to say, in Hannington's vindication, that he was quite unaware that the road was forbidden. I have not, on the other hand, neglected to state anything which might palliate the action of the native chiefs in that unhappy affair. Again, may I be allowed to make a personal explanation as to my resignation, and to state that the Committee of the Church Missionary Society assured me, on my return to England, that it had no intention of taking any steps to cause me to resign my connection with the Society, as your reviewer implies?

Another misunderstanding is, perhaps, due to my own want of clearness, where your reviewer writes "he [that is myself] complains of Lugard because he would not, at Ashe's request, prohibit two English missionaries from going to Usoga," inferring from this that I was on such bad terms with my own colleagues as to endeavour to coerce them by means of Captain Lugard. But my complaint was not that Lugard did not prohibit my companions going to Usoga—I was chairman of the committee which sent them—but that he neither prohibited their going in writing nor requested them, as a matter of courtesy, to desist from going, yet notwithstanding bitterly blamed them for going.

Your reviewer complains that I do Major Williams an injustice by omitting to mention his reasons for attacking Uvuma. I regret the omission, which was quite unintentional; his reasons, however, are fully given, as far as I know them, in the appendix. My critic condemns me also for rejecting Dr. Moloney's testimony as to Uganda matters, but gives no reason why Dr. Moloney's testimony should be of value. Dr. Moloney, in point of communication with Uganda, was at a greater distance than if he had been in London. Your reviewer objects, in somewhat harsh terms, to my saying Captain Lugard was too weak to be cloud-compeller, &c., a statement, however, which is fully borne out by the late Sir Gerald Portal's estimate of the small influence of the Imperial Chartered Company in Uganda. But perhaps your reviewer's most inconsistent statement is that my persistent charge against Lugard was that he refused to become a partisan; I did not "charge" Lugard with any such refusal, since I show clearly how he did actually become an out-and-out partisan by arming one party and fighting on its side against its rival. If your reviewer had been with Mgr. Hirth when Lugard's Maxim was raining bullets about his ears, he would, I think, feel that Lugard was a somewhat warm Protestant partisan! My critic misstates my views as to the duty of religious teachers in respect of politics, by omitting a strong qualifying expression, while he entirely misrepresents the whole gist of Archdeacon Walker's letter, by quoting one sentence apart from its context.

Your reviewer's reference to the smuggling of arms into the interior by the missions, might lead to the incorrect inference that the English Mission was guilty of this act, and that the resort to such methods was a part of its policy.

May I conclude by saying that I feel compelled to admit that your implied condemnation of "Christianity as taught in Uganda" is in some measure deserved, since Uganda presented the melancholy spectacle of Christians in arms against Christians? But is the blame not primarily due to Christianity as it is taught in Europe?—Believe me, yours obediently, ROBT. P. ASHE.

[We fail to see how Bishop Hannington can have been ignorant of the objections to the road he selected. The

subject was discussed before his departure from London, and it was unanimously decided that this route was not to be tried. When, later on, the Bishop resolved to attempt it, he begged the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society not to refer the matter to the only man in London whose opinion was worth having. This passage was omitted from the letter when it was published. We are glad that the Committee of the Church Missionary Society has made its peace with Mr. Ashe, but the fact remains that it took Captain Lugard's part in the quarrel, and sent Mr. Ashe such a letter that, as he says, "I felt it necessary to send in my resignation" (p. 377). In regard to the mission to Usoga, Mr. Ashe may not have meant exactly what he said; but on pages 123-124 he certainly does complain that, when he asked Captain Lugard to prohibit his colleagues from going to Usoga, Lugard would not do so. We did not quote Dr. Moloney as a special authority on Uganda. We objected to the contemptuous tone in which Mr. Ashe treats him for having ventured to express an opinion on the subject. As an African traveller of experience Dr. Moloney's opinion is worth at least something, even though he is a Catholic.

We fail to see that the late Sir G. Portal's estimate of the influence of the Company in any way supports Mr. Ashe's sneer at Lugard, who was certainly "cloud-compeller" enough to crush the Uganda revolt. The present complete reversal of Portal's policy and return to that of Lugard certainly do not incline us to accept the opinion of the former on the latter. We repeat that Mr. Ashe did charge Lugard with *not* being a partisan (see, e.g., p. 195). The Protestants expected Lugard to take their side from the first. He refused to do so, and was abused accordingly. That later on Lugard crushed the Catholic revolt, is no proof that he was a partisan in the early stages of the quarrel, nor disproof of the Protestant disappointment with his impartiality. If Lugard was "a somewhat warm Protestant partisan," why did the Protestants increase the difficulties of his position by accusing him of having "unduly-favoured the Catholics," and being "in the hands of Mgr. Hirth himself"?

We maintain that our remarks in reference to the notions of religious liberty held by the Protestant missionaries, are fully justified by the general tone of the book and the two letters quoted. If any confirmation be needed, we can only refer to the clause, which, in spite of Protestant persuasions, was *not* inserted in the Uganda treaty.—*Ed. S. R.*

REVIEWS.

"THE WOMAN WHO DID."

"The Woman Who Did." By Grant Allen. London: John Lane. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1895.

WE had thought that now at least we might appreciate the standing of Mr. Grant Allen in literature. At last he has dared to defy the great middle class, and to write a book, for the first time in his life, "wholly and solely to satisfy his own taste and his own conscience." Previously, he gives us to understand, he has ever diluted with the Common Folly and sweetened with Cant—ingredients some of us have found difficult to separate again—but here is the reliable sample, Grant Allen "wholly and solely," Grant Allen warranted pure. Now we may see what he is made of without any of those distressing complications that have rendered the judgment doubtful hitherto. But, really, in challenging a verdict on this book, he does himself an injustice. He has written swiftly, hotly, with the suppressed indignation of years, and that is not the way to write books that will last.

The book, it must be understood, is a kind of novelette with a purpose, and it aims against marriage. Herminia, the Woman Who Did, is, of course, the central conception. The book is admittedly an attempt to present this one heroic woman. And it is by his treatment of her that he practically elects to be judged.

We have endeavoured to piece this character together, and we cannot conceive the living woman. She is, he assures us with a certain pathos, a "real woman." But one doubts it from the outset. "A living proof of the doctrine of heredity" is her own idea, but that is scarcely the right effect of her. Mr. Grant Allen

seems nearer the truth when he describes her as "a solid rock of ethical resolution." Her solidity is witnessed to by allusions to her "opulent form" and the "lissom grace of her rounded figure." Fancy a girl with an "opulent" form! Her "face was, above all things, the face of a free woman," a "statuesque" face, and upon this Mr. Grant Allen has chiselled certain inappropriate "dimples," which mar but do not modify that statuesque quality. "She was too stately of mien ever to grant a favour without granting it of pure grace and with a queenly munificence"—when Alan kissed her. She dresses in a "sleeveless sack embroidered with arabesques," and such-like symbolic garments. So much goes to convey her visible presence. The reader must figure her sackful of lissom opulence and her dimpled, statuesque features for himself—the picture eludes us. She had a "silvery voice." The physical expression of her emotions was of two kinds, a blush, and a "thrill to the finger-tips." This last phrase is always cropping up, though we must confess we can attach no meaning to it ourselves and cannot imagine Mr. Grant Allen doing so. Her soul is "spotless." Never did she do anything wrong. (And this is a "real woman"!)

When Alan called to see her on some trivial business "she sat a lonely soul, enthroned amid the halo of her own perfect purity"—a curious way of receiving visitors. She is "pure," and "pellucid," and "noble," and so forth on every page almost. And at the crisis she "would have flaunted the open expression of her supreme moral faith before the eyes of all London," had not Alan, the father of the baby in question, with "virile self-assertion" restrained her.

Clearly this is not a human being. No more a human being than the women twelve heads tall of the fashion magazines. Had her author respected her less he might have drawn her better. Surely Mr. Grant Allen has lived long enough to know that real women do not have spotless souls and a physical beauty that is invariably overpowering. Real women are things of dietary and secretions, of subtle desires and mental intricacy; even the purest among them have at least beauty spots upon their souls. This monstrous Herminia—where did he get her? Assuredly not of observation and insight. She seems to us to be a kind of plaster-cast of "Pure Womanhood" in a halo, with a soul of abstractions, a machine to carry out a purely sentimental principle to its logical conclusion. Alan, her lover, is a kind of ideal prig, "a pure soul in his way, and mixed of the finer paste" from which the heroes of inferior novels are made. The Dean, her father, is the sympathetic but prejudiced cleric of modern comedy. The source of Ethel Waterton is acknowledged: she "was a most insipid blonde from the cover of a chocolate-box." Dolores, for whom Mr. Grant Allen feels least, for or against, is far and away the best character in the book. She is so, we think, for that very reason.

Now the book professes to be something more than an artistic story, true to life. It is, we are led to infer, an ethical discussion. But is it? The problem of marriage concerns terrestrial human beings, and the ingratitude of the offspring of a plaster-cast, though wonderful enough, bears no more on our moral difficulties than the incubation of Semele, or the birth of the Minotaur. In these problem novels at least, truth is absolutely essential. But to handle the relation of the sexes truly needs a Jean Paul Richter, or a George Meredith. It is not to be done by desiring.

And the gospel Mr. Grant Allen—who surely knows that life is one broad battlefield—is preaching: what is it? It is the emancipation of women. He does not propose to emancipate them from the narrowness, the sexual savagery, the want of charity, that are the sole causes of the miseries of the illegitimate and the unfortunate. Instead he wishes to emancipate them from monogamy, which we have hitherto regarded as being more of a fetter upon virile instincts. His proposal is to abolish cohabitation, to abolish the family—that school of all human gentleness—and to provide support for women who may have children at the expense of the State. We are all to be foundlings together, and it will be an inquisitive child who knows its own father. Now Mr. Grant Allen must know perfectly well that amorous desires and the desire to bear children are anything but overpowering impulses in many of the very

noblest women. The women, who would inevitably have numerous children under the conditions he hopes for, would be the hysterically erotic, the sexually incontinent. Why he should make proposals to cultivate humanity in this direction is not apparent. We find fine handsome sayings about Truth and Freedom, but any establishment for his proposition a reviewer much in sympathy with him on many of his opinions fails altogether to discover in his book. A fellowship of two based on cohabitation and protected by jealousy, with or without the marriage ceremony, seems as much the natural destiny of the average man as of the eagle or the tiger.

And we have a quarrel, too, with the style of the book. Had Mr. Grant Allen really cared, as he intimates he cared, for truth and beauty, had he really loved this Herminia of his creation, would he have put her forth in such style as he has done? "Ordinary," "stereotyped," "sordid," "ignoble," are among the adjectives he applies to the respectable villadom he identifies with the English people. Yet every one of them fits the workmanship he has considered worthy of his heroine. Here are two samples:

"The Italian doctor held out little hope of a rally. Herminia sat there, fixed to the spot, a white marble statue."

"Over and over again he said to himself, let come what come might, he must never aid and abet that innocent soul in rushing blindfold over a cliff to her own destruction."

The whole book is of such texture. It is strenuous without strength, florid without beauty, subtly meant and coarsely done. Yet withal, though it falls so short in execution and in art, there is something about it—that perverid Keltic touch perhaps—that makes it readable. It warms one at times where better work might leave one cold. It may not merit praise, but it merits reading.

SIR BARTLE FRERE'S VINDICATION.

"The Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.B., F.R.S., &c." By John Martineau. London: John Murray. 1895.

THOUGH Mr. Martineau's book is called the "Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere," it is very dry and meagre as a life, and even more so as a record of Frere's correspondence. It would hardly appear from these volumes that he had any existence save as an official, any connection with his fellow-creatures save what was appointed by his duties as a public servant, or any correspondence but that which comes under the head of "minutes" or "memoranda." That is a fault in a biography; but it may seem less of a fault if we take the book as intended rather to clear Sir Bartle of the shameful aspersions under which he sank at the end of a most useful and honourable career, than for what it is described on the title-page; and that no doubt is how it is meant to be taken. Therefore, in this article we propose to pass over the story of Frere's official life in India, not without the expected and deserved acknowledgment that he rose to distinction in India by the exercise of sound and statesmanlike faculties, assiduously and successfully employed. Further, that he was a man of high character as well as good judgment. With the same purpose of calling to mind what consideration he had earned before he was persuaded to take up the South African business that ruined his reputation and his peace, we remind our readers that when it was decided that the Prince of Wales should visit India, Frere was asked to undertake the direction and management of the tour. Not that there is much about the tour in Mr. Martineau's biography: scarcely anything, indeed.

It was toward the end of 1876 that Sir Bartle was tempted into an undertaking which was to fill the last years of his life with bitterness. The late Lord Carnarvon was Colonial Secretary at that time, and it seemed to him that the day had come for confederating the South African colonies and states. Even amongst men who have a pretty close knowledge of political affairs it is commonly believed that this was a mere romantic idea of Lord Carnarvon; excellent in itself, and sure of realization at some time or other, but an idea which at that time

should have been kept within the pale of aspiration. The truth is, however, that he had better reasons for going on with the project than is generally known. For besides the obvious arguments in favour of confederation, he had another in the discovery of an intrigue which every Englishman would acknowledge as being of a most serious character; and yet this danger (which would seem greater now even than it did then) he was unable to reveal publicly. Whether it was made known to Sir Bartle does not appear from this book; but however that may be, when Frere was asked to go as "High Commissioner to South Africa," he assented readily. But Lord Carnarvon could be indiscreet, as Frere found almost as soon as he landed. Considering that the South African colonies, like others that could be named, had their own little differences and jealousies, and considering that the influential men in each were naturally uncertain as to what their status would be in a confederation, the better course of action, obviously, was to win over the local magnates to the federal idea and work it out by their agency. But, neglecting these men, Lord Carnarvon chose Froude as his mouthpiece, and Froude went from colony to colony lecturing in a rather inconsiderate way. His intrusion offended the colonial authorities, and what was more, the Afrikaners (the Dutch settlers, who were combining to establish their supremacy in South Africa) found encouragement in some of Froude's harangues. Of course all this made Frere's mission very troublesome at starting; for Froude had preceded him. Moreover, Shepstone had been sent on an independent mission to the Transvaal Boers, then in extreme difficulties. Their trouble was with Secocoeni, who had beaten them, confounded them, and in their own belief might have routed them horribly when Shepstone interposed. It was at a time when the Boer treasury contained just twelve and sixpence, and the people were thoroughly cast down, that Shepstone proclaimed the annexation of the Transvaal to British territory. Now this proclamation was issued, entirely without Frere's knowledge and on Shepstone's sufficient authority, a fortnight after Sir Bartle landed at the Cape. And so another difficulty began; but, be it remembered, out of the impossibility of allowing a South African colony of white men to be "eaten up" by a warlike and bloody-minded tribe of savages.

And now we must hasten to the central point of Frere's troubles. While the confederation scheme dragged under the hindrances we have described, it became pretty plain that the Galeka and Gaika risings, Secocoeni's war, and more particularly the growing menace in Cetewayo's country, portended a general outbreak. The various tribes, believing themselves numerous enough, brave enough, and now sufficiently well armed, had a mind to drive out the white men, no longer considered invincible. There are differences of opinion on that point; but it seems to us that the whole course of events justified Sir Bartle Frere's conviction (which was shared by most men of judgment in South Africa) that this truly frightful danger was real and near at hand. When, therefore, Cetewayo's insolences and aggressions became violent, it was resolved not to await a further development of them by the encouragement of sufferance, but at once to put him to challenge. That was done by insisting that he should give up the Zulu military system, by which no man was allowed to marry till he had "washed his spear" in some war or other. This means, of course, that there must be frequent wars; and since Zululand "was now surrounded by British territory," there was "no longer any blood but that of British subjects in which the spears could be washed." By this time, too, a Boer revolt had become the most likely thing in the world; wherefore Frere had these considerations before him. If the revolt did break out immediately, Cetewayo's unmanageable young men would be supplied at once with the blood they wanted by ravaging the Transvaal; thus giving us some most horrible and even unspeakable allies. If, on the other hand, a Zulu invasion into Natal came first, the Boers might be expected to make the most of the opportunity. This argument had great weight with Frere, who resolved to risk his ultimatum to Cetewayo and telegraph home for additional troops.

Mr. Martineau says that Sir Bartle had little hope of Cetewayo's giving in—an important admission. On the other hand, he was quite unprepared for any disappoint-

ment from England. Lord Carnarvon had resigned; Sir Michael Beach was Colonial Minister; the Government was at a crisis of uncertainty as to whether it would not be involved in much graver wars; and, above all, it began to be daunted by Midlothian invective and the rising scream of the Radical press against Jingoism. Accordingly, the Government now found, for the first time, that it had never quite approved of Frere's views and proceedings; thought that matters might be peacefully arranged with Cetewayo after all; and really could not send any troops. On second thoughts, however, the Government did send a few, to be used for defensive purposes only. Meanwhile, Cetewayo proving recalcitrant, there was no choice but to bring him to book. Lord Chelmsford, who had more than five thousand British soldiers at command, received his instructions; the well-known blunders were committed, and Isandhlwana was the consequence.

Then the storm broke out in England, its worst fury being directed upon Bartle Frere. No military blundering at Isandhlwana, and all would have gone well enough with that distinguished civilian, the High Commissioner. But since we were so shockingly cut up there, instead of shockingly cutting up the enemy—as was done in Matabeleland the other day—how should he be allowed to escape the brand of infamy? For it was a splendid opportunity for the Gladstonians, frenzied by Disraeli's popularity and drunk with his opponent's rhetoric. While all English hearts were aching with the shame and horror of Isandhlwana, Frere was seized upon by the Radicals as the real author of the disaster, and as such—for that was the point—a perfect representative, an exemplary practitioner, of Jingo politics and the Disraeli-ism of the day. To make that clear, he was pointed to as the prime counsellor of the policy which was signalized by the murder of Cavagnari and the costly Afghan war; a statement which, to put the fact shortly, was a lie. Again, it was he who had hastened to perpetrate the folly and infamy of annexing the Transvaal, which also was untrue. Even Mr. Gladstone said of the Zulu war that it was "the record of ten thousand Zulus slain for no other offence than their attempt to defend against your artillery with their naked bodies their hearths and homes, their wives and families." Every Radical platform rang with stuff of this kind, or worse; though we heard nothing of the sort from Mr. Gladstone, or any other official Liberal, when the Matabele's naked bodies were interposed between Mr. Maxim's invention and the Matabele hearth and the Matabele home. And as with the Radical platform, so with the press. The Radical newspapers teemed for months (the approach of a general election made it necessary to "keep it up") with accusation and insult; while as for the Ministerialists—what part did they play? The Ministerialists thought it advisable to turn their backs on their High Commissioner; though more in sorrow than in anger, as it were. Daunted by the Gladstonian clamour, and no less mindful than the patriotic Opposition that a general election was not far off, the defence of Frere in Parliament and press was restrained by cowardice and limited by calculation. If he would do for a scapegoat, why interfere with the Gladstonian selection? Indeed, why not condemn him a little too, and so remove themselves somewhat from association with him as, perhaps, rather too much of an imperialist? That seemed to be the Ministerial view, and it was adopted all round. Frere was not recalled, but he was officially censured. The clamour still going on, he was largely superseded in his functions; which, however, he was not to take as a "let down," though nobody else could suppose that it had any other meaning. Amidst these humiliations Frere worked on till the Gladstonians came into office; when first his salary was docked, and then he received a curt dismissal.

Leaving South Africa enthusiastic for Sir Bartle Frere, he came home to find himself a disgraced man. Rancour and ignorance kept some aloof from him, shame-facedness withheld others who understood but had injured him. For a large part of his life, and till he was over sixty years old, few men of his rank had been held in greater consideration. To few men, too, was public esteem more dear. But now he was quite cast down; cast down, however, by what has since cast down much more: the rancour of party spirit and the reckless self-

seeking of party men. And the blow was so severe that it told upon him irremediably. It is hardly too much to say that he died of it.

We know perfectly well that there were one or two weak places in Sir Bartle Frere's conduct of affairs in South Africa. But most things which are called his errors are only made so by the independent and incalculable errors of others. It was not Frere, for example, who perpetrated the blunders of Isandhlwana; neither, where British officers are concerned, do such errors come into reasonable calculation. And that Natal was in imminent danger of being rushed by Cetewayo's forty thousand warriors when Frere resolved to put him in check we have not the faintest doubt whatever. And, if that was the case, there is his full justification.

THE HOLY ANGELS.

"A Service of Angels." By Rev. Henry Latham, M.A., Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.; London: George Bell & Sons. 1894.

WERE this suggestive and delightful little book to fall into the hands of an unsympathetic critic, we do not conceal from ourselves that he would find several passages to his hand on which, with that smart wit of his, he readily might turn off his cynical, his even sportive comments. We should pity such a critic with all our heart, but to a certain extent we should understand the temptation to which he had succumbed. For though we have a genuine admiration of Mr. Latham's volume, we cannot help feeling that he allows himself from time to time a style and certain turns of expression which are not quite congruous with the gravity of the matter he has in hand: it requires a greater master of English than he is to mingle what is light or even a little trivial with the deepest religious reflections, and yet not to jar upon the reader: and seeing how excellent the book is, how widely useful it might become, and sincerely wishing it success, we should be glad, were a second edition called for, if Mr. Latham would reconsider some of the lighter expressions and fancies in which he has indulged, possibly with the idea of commending his pages to a wider audience, and so remove all ground for the only serious criticism we have to make against him.

That Mr. Latham does not intend his book to be a profound theological or philosophic treatise he plainly tells us more than once; he writes it determinedly for ordinarily serious men and women in the world, for their encouragement and consolation: and we believe that it will admirably serve this end. The doctrine of angelic existences is, of course, no new doctrine to the Church: to take but a single instance, the Festival of St. Michael and All Angels is proof enough of the Church's belief on this matter, and of how great an importance she holds that belief to be for the practical guidance of her children. In the English Branch of the Church Catholic, however, it cannot be denied that this belief has practically been thrust too much into the background, has come, indeed, to be surrounded with such unfortunate sentimentality, that grown and vigorous men for the most part relegate all thought of the angels to the concern of devout women in religious houses and of little children in the nursery. This deplorable and ludicrous fallacy may be traced originally, no doubt, to a certain exaggerated veneration of angels in the Middle Ages, from which the semi-rationalistic spirit of the reformers not unnaturally, not improperly, revolted: but it would be interesting to trace in what degree our modern carelessness or forgetfulness of angelic ministrations have been due not so much to any definite theological disbelief, as to the effeminate, sentimental character of most of our religious art and religious poetry, creating in many a healthy and active mind a by no means unwarrantable feeling of contempt or even of disgust. It would be a curious inquiry this, a somewhat subtle and difficult inquiry; for if one runs over in one's mind the passages of Holy Scripture (and they are very many) in which angels and angelic ministrations are referred to, certainly nothing strikes one more than the absence about these of any touch of effeminateness or sentimentality; "He maketh His angels winds, and His

ministers a flaming fire," "when the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels," "He shall send His angels with a great voice,"—we take the quotations at random as they occur to us, but how characteristic they are all three of them of the constant scriptural method of bringing these beings before us, or of referring to their work in the universe! And then from such august utterances, from such majestic and awful presences, we turn to the popular hymn or song, which suggests to us only stealthy and vaporous beings watching over orphans and widows; or to popular art with its winged figures, vapid and sexless, clad in night-gowns. Catholic art or Protestant art, it is all nearly the same: that is the inanity we have come to, Heaven knows how! from the idea of the angel before whose feet St. John fell down to worship, or of him who proclaimed to the amazed Zacharias, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God."

To the Christian mind, indeed to any mind not wholly given over to materialism, this doctrine of angelic beings, having an interest in and even an intimate concern with our natural and human world, presents no *a priori* difficulty, but is rather essentially reasonable: and, grounded as the doctrine is on the express terms of Holy Scripture and the constant belief of the universal Church, the speculations which it naturally suggests are legitimate speculations enough for any serious man, who, without asserting himself with rigorous dogmatic acerbity, seeks for certain reasonable deductions from the data before him, with the end in view of spiritual invigoration and solace. Assuredly a sound conception of religion not only pardons such speculations, but rather one may say it encourages and even imposes them. And in the little book before us it is the essentially reasonable and healthy character of its reflections and argument which throughout distinguishes it, and gives it its value. We may differ here or there from its statements or its conclusions, but the spirit which pervades it from the first page to the last is an entirely holy, wholesome, and practical spirit. The subject-matter with which it concerns itself, cannot in the nature of things, save in certain elementary points, be treated with a rigorous dogmatism, and Mr. Latham does not venture so to treat it. "I began by saying," he remarks, "that I was not going to prove anything at all. What I have been trying to do, was so to put the matter as to show that Christians might take my view if they pleased. You will care all the more for this belief about angels, if you adopt it, from its not pretending to be rigorously proved." And certainly we have no hesitation in saying that any man to whom the spiritual world is a reality, but who from one cause or another has not entered upon the full enjoyment of his inheritance of belief, will rise from the perusal of Mr. Latham's book with a sincere gratitude towards its author, and a lively sense of his own increased spiritual possession.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT IN THE COUNTRY.

"Among the Apple Orchards." By Clement Scott.
London: Remington. 1895.

READERS of the *Daily Telegraph* will not be surprised to learn that, though professional duties oblige Mr. Clement Scott to pass a large part of his time in London, what his soul really yearns after is the country. "How in the wide world," he cries, in the little book before us, "can a man be dull who is suddenly possessed of the cosiest house in the world, in the heart of a country far more beautiful than I have ever seen before in England?" "And do they seriously tell me," he reiterates, "that it is dull, this daily, homely, health-giving life at a country farm?" For, as he adds, on a later page, a little irrelevantly, "how can any one of a philosophic turn of mind be ever really dull in an old English farm-house?" Perhaps this is protesting a little too much, and indeed it is evident that "the wonder was not yet quite gone" from Mr. Scott's mind at the surprising fact that he should not have been dull, when he sat down to write his impressions of a month "among the apple orchards." But the interesting fact remains that Mr. Scott was not dull, and here is a whole book to testify to the fact. It testifies mainly in this manner: "The diminutive black and white piglets, not yet weaned, over which the good doctor had licked his

lips when he visited us, describing minutely how they ought to be cooked, and how appetizing they might be made in their lacteal state with the aid of dried currants or Goldsmith's prune sauce, had wandered unchecked on a foraging expedition into the kitchen garden." This is not the end of the sentence, but let it suffice. For we must show Mr. Scott in his more familiar attitude, as one of the pure in heart and the sentimental in soul. "And so we bid farewell to our old friends, thankful that we abide still in their memory, and so we pass on into shadow-land, nerve ourselves to the contemplation of the busy world again, re-enter the unconventional train, and find 'Olive' waiting at Tewkesbury station, in the silent gloaming, to take us, pure I hope in heart, unchanged in spirit, to the dear old farm of the 'Walnut Tree!'" This, we should explain, is Mr. Scott's way of saying that he had paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon: "whenever I go Stratford-on-Avon," he or his printer expresses it. The thought of Stratford does, indeed, for a moment turn his thoughts into familiar channels; and he recalls "a memorable occasion when Mr. Henry Irving, bare-headed, with exquisite grace, taste, and courtesy, dedicated to Shakespeare's birthplace a drinking-fountain, presented by one of America's prominent citizens and journalists." But this is only for a moment, and two pages further on he is talking again of "that immortal sanctuary, that pre-eminently hallowed ground," and of how "the imagination runs riot," as he imagines, under certain circumstances. Here Mr. Scott is mistaken. The imagination is a pre-eminently precise quality of vision, which has absolutely nothing to do with the flatulent fancifulness which "runs riot," if you will, over "piglets in the lacteal state," "immortal sanctuaries," and "sweet deserted villages." Mr. Scott's purity of heart we are quite ready to take on trust at his own valuation. But the quality of "imagination," like the "philosophic turn of mind," which he attributes to himself, we must decline to accept: that is a matter on which his readers are in a position to form their own opinion. Mr. Scott, no doubt, imagines that when he writes: "It is five o'clock on a glorious summer morning, and I discover that I am leaning out of a dormer window in one of the gables of the many-gabled farm," he is painting a vivid picture of the country life in a graceful and sympathetic manner. What he is really doing is to gush over what he never properly sees, what he never genuinely feels, and what he has not the faculty to think out. Fatuity is ever with us; we should be loth to depreciate rival claims; but would it be easy to surpass, in this particular quality, the passage in which a sunset is described as seen from a farmyard gate, and the solemn question is posed: "Is not this the best and the wisest, after all? . . . There might have been visions of glaciers, and the roseate pictures of sun expiring on the bosom of the snow. But would it have been so much better than this, after all? Would it have been sweeter, purer, or more restful? Would happiness have been deeper or more abiding for ever with us than this?"

BURTON'S "ARABIAN NIGHTS" RE-EDITED.

"The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night."
Translated from the Arabic by Capt. Sir R. F. Burton; reprinted from the original edition and edited by Leonard C. Smithers. 12 vols. Nichols & Co. 1895.

"YOU are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?" Mrs. Malaprop would certainly have asked, had she been privileged to survey the three varied editions of Burton's "Arabian Nights" which now invite purchasers of sundry and curious tastes. But had the good lady carried her investigation into the interior of the conglomerate of thirty-four volumes she would infallibly have withdrawn the parliamentary term, and substituted "three misbegotten knaves"—not, indeed, "in Kendal green," but in more appropriate Mephistophelian black. On the Primary Burton we have more than once had our say. The merits of the translation are undeniable; the filthiness of the commentary is past description; the result is a top-shelf classic, which the competition of the collector, or the

market-wisdom of the cornerer, has run up to an auction price of over £30 for the sixteen volumes.

Then Lady Burton, or Mr. Huntly McCarthy under her direction, set about deodorizing this exceedingly savoury manure-heap of "anthropological" statistics, in the hope of bringing the classic down from its chilly elevation on the top-shelf to the warmer atmosphere of the drawing-room. They issued a Secondary Burton in six pretty volumes; but to judge by the booksellers' catalogues the adventure has been crowned with but moderate success. Indeed, to Bowdlerize Burton was more than forcing the Ethiopian to change his skin; it was depriving the work of its unique value. As a translation, vigorous and masculine as it is, Burton's "Nights" is surpassed in pure English by Mr. John Payne's, and only here and there does Burton's admirable scholarship shed a new light upon the rare obscurities and recondite Billingsgate of what is, after all, a particularly easy Arabic text. It is not as a translation that "The Thousand Nights and a Night" should be prized by students, still less by general readers, who would be puzzled by its affected archaism, and shocked by its unmitigated nudity. Its value lies in its curiously minute commentary on the seamy side of Oriental society. Here Burton was an expert, and his notes and excursions are undoubtedly of genuine importance to those who wish to make themselves familiar with a peculiarly unpleasant subject. In the old days this sort of thing was discussed in Latin, and there are many who hold that it ought not to be discussed at all. The notes have, however, their sociological value, and issued as a separate work, they might very well keep a place in special libraries.

Now, however, we are presented with an intermediate variety of the "Nights," which is somewhat sanguinely styled on the half-title, "The Library Edition of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The editor, Mr. Leonard Smithers, essays to reassure the anti-Bowdlerites by stating that four-fifths of the objectionable passages and notes excised in Lady Burton's edition are here restored; whilst he attempts to conciliate the subscribers to the original edition by the candid remark that "these few omissions are also rendered necessary by the pledge which Sir Richard gave to his subscribers that no cheaper edition of the entire work should be issued; but in all other respects the original text has been reproduced with unscrupulous fidelity." We very much doubt whether Mr. Smithers will satisfy anybody. The Tertiary Burton differs but slightly from the original edition: a certain number of peculiarly obscene passages and notes are omitted, and some of the choicer flowers of Arabian Billingsgate in the text have been de-Burtonized and rendered merely indecent in the common and not the emphatic or Burtonian sense. Otherwise the book is as frankly, unaffectedly, unclean as ever. The new edition, with its nominal purification, reminds us of those sweet little cherubs of art whose nudity is veiled by a fleecy cloud. And though it is hard to conceive the Mecca pilgrim in this character, Burton's more outrageous obscenities are partly concealed, cherubically, by some such misty arrangement. But collectors of what booksellers call "curious" literature prefer their cherubs without the cloud-wisp, and although the "Library Edition" is quite unclean enough to satisfy the most exacting, it is not so unclean as the Primary Burton, and therefore is less choicely "curious." On the other hand, some collectors of less fastidious curiosity will doubtless put up with it as a tolerable substitute, and if so the original edition can hardly fail to suffer in value. This is hardly keeping "Sir Richard's pledge" in the spirit, whatever it may be in the letter, and we can imagine some of the original subscribers waxing exceeding wroth at this invasion of their monopoly. Finally, as public opinion stands at present, no respectable library will dare to place the book on its shelves for casual inspection: it is far too frankly gross to dispense with the "lock and key" which Mr. Smithers hopes to banish from its guardianship, but which our estimable Mrs. Grundy will immediately restore. The new edition, in short, is too unclean for the public, not unclean enough for the uncompromising collector of such things; it will anger the original subscribers without fully gratifying the curiosity

of new purchasers. It is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, and its publication, at this time of day, appears to us to be an error in judgment.

At the same time it is fair to admit that this reissue of very nearly the entire work at a moderate price, however objectionable from the several points of view which we have indicated, may prove a boon to Oriental students who cannot afford the extravagant price of the original edition. Such students require a complete and literal translation, and here they may very approximately possess it. And no other equally full and faithful version is to be had at anything like the same price. To students of shallow pockets the new edition of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" may be recommended as a serviceable substitute for the original issue. But the public at large will still use Lane, and the children will read some of the paraphrases of Galland—if, indeed, the New Child reads the "Arabian Nights" at all nowadays—and we shall be surprised if the Tertiary Burton justifies its title as a "Library Edition" *in usum laicorum*.

A TEUTON COME TO JUDGMENT.

"Degeneration." By Max Nordau. Translated from the Second Edition of the German Work. London: Heinemann. 1895.

LET us say at once that the English reading public should be grateful to Mr. Heinemann for issuing an English rendering of Max Nordau's polemic. It comes, appropriately, before the beginning of the season, and will provide society with a subject that may last as long as the present Government. The pre-Raphaelites and the Symbolists, the Parnassians, Diabolists and the Decadents, Tolstoi and Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Oscar Wilde, Nietzsche and Zola, were not they all worn thin, relegated to Bayswater and the provinces? But from Max Nordau we may learn that it is wasteful to discard our toys so soon. The theme of his book is that society and the pets of society are degenerate, betraying the habits of lunatics, children, and savages. In the success of his book he will see a proof, perhaps unwelcome, of the truth of his proposition; for its sole purpose is to tear to pieces all the idols of our generation. To indulge in the delightful pastime it is not necessary to read or to reread any of the authors in question. With a true Teutonic diligence Nordau fills his pages with quotations, analyses, and paraphrases, and provides not only the choicest selection of vituperative terms, but enough description of the writers to make a careful reader discriminate between the "ego-maniacal recklessness" of Oscar Wilde, and the "erotomania" of Tolstoi.

The method of the game is this. Within recent years there has been an enormous advance in the scientific study of the insane, in England and Germany and still more in France. The symptoms of nervous diseases have been watched most closely, the physical characters of the mentally degenerate have been tabulated, and a whole vocabulary of new terms has been invented. Lombroso in Italy has correlated many peculiarities of structure with the symptoms of idiocy and criminality, and, as every one knows, has insisted that it is possible to interpret the correlations he makes as instances of atavism. By a curious freak of nature, as when a foal exhibits ancestral zebra-stripes, some men are born degenerate, fallen from the high estate of modern manhood to the stupid condition of savage ancestors; and they reveal themselves by mental traits and physical signs. Nordau, his mind filled by such vague scientific conceptions, roves through the famous names of the century, seizing on every character that he can assign to degeneracy.

But deeply as he may have steeped his mind in the results of modern alienism, his methods are those of the old-world madhouse-keeper. They are the finger of scorn, the whip and the strait-jacket, every contumely and every abuse that he has for those he thinks idiots and maniacs. Take Baudelaire and de Maupassant and Verlaine. Granted that two were mad, and the third is a wandering tortured spirit; is it any contribution to knowledge, anything but an outrage on the commonest feeling to gibbet them and jeer? As an instance of the random inaccuracy of his personal statements we may

mention here that Nordau singles out Walt Whitman as surprisingly like Verlaine in all the stigmata, *i.e.* the physical signs, of degeneration.

But it is in the obscurer cases of degeneracy that most interest lies. A familiar feature of the mentally affected is want of attention, failure of concentration of the mind upon clear and definite objects. Beginning with the pre-Raphaelites and ending with Maeterlinck, Nordau traces this sign of degeneracy in all symbolism, and mysticism, and neo-Catholicism. Rossetti's refrains, Maeterlinck's repetitions, Mallarmé's deliberate choice of the vague and ill-defined, every use of words to convey emotional states rather than concrete ideas, are to him signs of greater or lesser imbecility. The general nature of his argument is seen better here, perhaps, than in other parts of his book. Idiots and imbeciles repeat their words: they follow sound rather than sense. Starting with one vague idea they are distracted by the slightest verbal or emotional connection. Many poets prefer vagueness to definiteness. The rhyme suggests the idea, the word the next word. Hence many poets obviously are degenerate imbeciles.

An equally fertile line of argument is found in the disordered sexuality of lunatics and imbeciles. Nordau's pages are studded with the word "erotomania." His footnotes teem with dreadful suggestions of what he could say if he would. But with all his deference to the scruples of readers, he lingers on, and recurs to this idea until one has an uneasy feeling that Nordau, too, is not unmarked by the sign of degeneracy he finds so prevalent. To regard the "Kreutzer Sonata" as the most self-revealing work of Tolstoi, and to hold most of Ibsen's women, and all the women who read and approve Ibsen, as "nymphomaniacs," is to betray a curiously distorted judgment.

To have a strong sense of smell, and to confess it in your writings, is to hark back to the primeval and bestial savage. This, apparently, is the great sign of idiocy in Zola; although, indeed, it tells heavily against him that, pretending to observation, "he has never, like Goethe, plunged into the full tide of human life," but "has drawn all his realistic details from newspapers."

If, in reading Max Nordau's work, one be able to overlook the parade of ill-digested and falsely applied science, and the savage ill-nature of the attacks, we frankly admit that there is a large residuum of keen criticism and exposure of folly. We read the 600 pages without finding one dull, sometimes in reluctant agreement, sometimes with amused content, sometimes with angry indignation. There is, and always will be, a foolish *claque* applauding each new eccentricity, unable to distinguish, among the sensations of the hour, the inspirations of genius. For these Max Nordau may serve as an excellent tonic, and so be justified of the reputation this English rendering will certainly bring him.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Indus Delta Country." By Major-General M. R. Haig, M.R.A.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited. 1895.

IN this monograph on the delta of the Indus, General Haig is concerned with questions relating to both ancient history and ancient geography, some of which have long engaged the investigations of historians, and must always attract those of a speculative disposition. One of the most interesting, because of its complexity and difficulties, of those questions is dealt with in the opening sections of this volume. Nature herself has contributed more than the destructions of a succession of armies of invasion to obliterate the ancient topography of Lower Sindh in the days of Alexander the Great. In other lands, where the forces of nature are less erratic in action, the identification of ancient sites is a much less troublous matter. The "razing of cities" is but a picturesque phrase of the historian. Cities are seldom utterly destroyed. The excavator comes, and they are brought to light; the archaeologist enters into possession, and they are reconstructed. But in a vast alluvial tract like the Indus delta, where the foreshore is ever advancing and shifting, and the channels of a great river have for many centuries varied enormously in direction, it is a task of another kind to trace the progress of Alexander's expedition in the light of modern surveys. The Indus is a mighty, yet notoriously inconstant river. As recently as the middle of the last century it abandoned a hundred miles of its course. Everywhere in the delta-land old river-courses are to be traced. As to the seashore, modern observations offered no guidance to the rate of advance in old times. That also is erratic; being rapid at one period, or at one point;

slow at other periods; and at other points stationary or the reverse of advancing. General Haig's ingenious attempt to follow step by step the voyage of Nearchus, as set forth in Arrian, reminds us of the burden of some ballade of lost cities. "Alexander's Haven" he sets down as the bay of Karachi, but not at the modern harbour. Where is Patala, the so-called port of ancient Patalene? It was at the head of the delta, no doubt, but of which delta? Some have placed it at Hyderabad; others at Thata. General Haig sets down Patala a little lower than the latitude of Hyderabad, but considerably to the east of its longitude. He produces excellent reasons against the assumption that Hyderabad occupies the site of Patala. Its being near a delta head is nothing in its favour, if that delta head is of modern formation, not to mention other considerations put forward by the author. It is impossible to pronounce upon the value of some of his conjectures. They must be left to the expert hydrographer who has worked on the spot with the ancient records at hand. We can do no more than commend the book, which is amply provided with sketch maps, as a stimulative and interesting contribution to the subject. In the remaining sections of his "Mémorial" on the Indus delta General Haig deals with later periods of the history of Lower Sindh, such as the Muhamadan invasions, the Portuguese occupation in the sixteenth century, and the subsequent campaign of Akbar.

"The Short Prose Tales of Voltaire." With Introduction and Notes by F. F. Roget, and a Critical Preface by Emile Faguet. "*Hommes de Lettres Series of French Classics.*" Vol. I. London: Williams & Norgate. 1894.

The editor of this admirable selection of the prose "Contes" and "Romans" of Voltaire has based the series of which it is the first volume upon a principle of irrefutable soundness. "Literature," says M. Roget, "cannot be communicated by translation." The time has gone by for Englishing the French classics. The editor's business is to provide such elucidation of the text as will assist the English reader in the understanding of the text and the author's personality. In the present volume, which contains the shorter stories, or "petits contes," of Voltaire (the rest, with the "Romans," are to follow), this excellent aim is satisfactorily made good. Professor Faguet's essay on the characteristics of the "Romans et Contes" of Voltaire is a concise and luminous piece of criticism. Perhaps the English reader may wonder that M. Faguet should style Voltaire "misanthrope," that is the Voltaire of the "Contes," and "pessimiste très décidé" in certain of the "Romans"; but he indicates, in his comparison of the satirical methods of Swift and Voltaire, the precise sense in which he applies the terms. He is careful to distinguish Voltaire as "un misanthrope qui se reprime" and "un pessimiste qui se modère." M. Roget contributes a Life of Voltaire, a paper on the humour of the "Contes et Romans," and bibliography and notes. The "Life" is ably written, and strongly apologetic in tone, especially with regard to the shifts and compromises in which Voltaire's dealings with the Church involved him, after his settlement at Ferney. As to the notes, they are sufficient and of the right kind. We have had occasion so frequently to comment on the puerilities of many editors in annotating both English and foreign classics, that it is pleasant to observe the more excellent standard of M. Roget.

"The Art of William Quiller Orchardson." By Walter Armstrong. London: Seeley & Co. 1895.

In this "Portfolio" monograph Mr. Walter Armstrong deals with the career and work of a painter with regard to whose eminence all artists and critics are of one mind. This unusual accord does not, of course, make smooth and easy Mr. Armstrong's undertaking. Critical exposition is perhaps less easy when the material admits of little disagreement among judges, than when it is of the kind that divides them into opposing camps. Mr. Armstrong has traced the artistic development of Mr. Orchardson—a development of singular rapidity and certitude—with acuteness and sympathy. He points out that although the painter's work may be, like that of others, separately considered in "periods," the same qualities of style, of colour, and of drawing, give distinction to the earlier paintings and to the later. "In short," says Mr. Armstrong, "Orchardson is one of those whose growth has been a steady and consistent development from the first." Under Robert Scott Lauder, at the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, his technical facility was very early demonstrated. We must regret, with Mr. Armstrong, that it was not possible to reproduce any of the artist's drawings executed when a member, with Mr. Peter Graham and other well-known painters, of his Edinburgh sketching club. However, among the illustrations that are given we have a charming little drawing of Miss Orchardson, a beautiful study for Mme. Récamier, and another for Napoleon at St. Helena—wonderful for concentrated energy of expression. The selection of illustrations comprises most of the painter's finest work, such as "Hard Hit," "An Enigma," "A Tender Chord," and other brilliant *genre* examples, with such masterpieces of portraiture as the "Sir Walter Gilbey," "Mrs. Joseph," "Master Baby," and "Mrs. Orchardson." These are well reproduced, for the most part, with the exception of the interesting early portrait of Mr. John Hutchison. The "beautifully painted left hand" in this picture, to which Mr. Armstrong refers, appears excessively ill-

drawn in the illustration, which is altogether a very inferior piece of work compared with the reproduction that follows it—the admirable Uffizi portrait of the painter by himself.

"A Fisherman's Fancies." By F. B. Doveton. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.

There is not much for an angler in this book, nor for a fisherman; not much more than there is in Crabbe's "Tales." Mr. Doveton does, indeed, have something to say of "A Day on the Derbyshire Wye," where he found the sport "not what it was in days gone by," and noted a brother fisher, one of the dry-fly persuasion, with whom he confesses to "scant sympathy." Then in "After the Rain" he again "dons his angling toggery" and captures a "glorious quarter-pounder" and some small fry. But this was on a Dartmoor stream, where the trout run small; and we love a candid angler. For the rest, Mr. Doveton's "Sketches" and "Country Articles" (we admire the latter title, so expressively vague) touch on many themes in a chatty way. In a dreadfully ingenuous fashion he recounts "My Editorial Experiences" (that is, his own dealings with editors), and warns the young poet against going proofless, if he does not wish the printer to turn his "pathos" into "bathos," and make his "happiness" mere "pappiness." Here is a tremendous warning of another kind, a warning to editors: "One of the best-known London editors" once returned a poem to Mr. Doveton with the remark "that he feared I should never write anything worthy of print." "And yet," says the author, "the very poem he sneered at was at once inserted in *Fun*."

"The Fencing Girl." By Roof Roofer. London: Gay & Bird. 1895.

This incredibly vulgar story professes to describe the fashions and aspirations of "New Souls," a sect we had thought perished, deservedly enough, long since. It is written in some dialect of the American language. The persons of the story do not "speak," or talk, but they "parole." Thus, the fair Yvonne: "I find," she paroled on, "none like you, and the major, to whom I owe so much." Of Lord Rilen it is written, "He suspicioned that this Christian woman, much as she loved him," &c. This person and the major are described as "palate-passioned faddists," and "connoisseurs of genuine caste."

"The Queen's Scarlet." By George Manville Fenn. London: Cassell & Co. 1895.

It is not very easy for a man to pass out of the world as one dead, and begin afresh with a clean slate and a new name, yet Mr. Manville Fenn employs this well-worn device of the storyteller, and has made no very persuasive use of it in "The Queen's Scarlet." Sir Richard Frayne, Bart., thinking he has killed his cousin in a quarrel, enlists under a false name, and, on account of his musical talents, is made a bandsman. The cousin succeeds to the title and estate, as the baronet's servant is prepared to swear that he saw his master drown himself. So long as Sir Richard believes that his cousin is dead his voluntary effacement is intelligible. But when the latter obtains a commission in the army, they meet, of course, and extremely melodramatic are those meetings. Still, he suffers himself to be wiped out. He saves the life of his cousin, and in return is nearly murdered by him in cold blood. In short, until he is absolutely forced to do so, he does not resume his name and title.

NOTES.

THE new volume of the British Museum "Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the Years 1888-1893" deals with twelve hundred and ninety-four MSS., seven thousand and ninety charters, besides detached seals and over three hundred papiri. An admirably compiled index is provided. Mr. Edward Scott indicates in his preface the many aspects of interest presented by these vast additions to the national collections. Musicians may note the full score of an oratorio by Beethoven; Latin motets by Simonelli and A. Scarlatti; Liszt's oratorio "Christus"; the counter-tenor part, long missing, of Thomas Wade's "Scottish Musical Psalter"; a treatise on music by Ugolino di Orvieto, 1477; and other autograph compositions by Clementi, Samuel Wesley, Balfe, Schumann, and Wagner. But in other departments the harvest is equally alluring.

Mr. Gomme's excellent scheme, "The Gentleman's Magazine Library," progresses apace. We have before us a new volume of "English Topography" (Elliot Stock), the fifth of the series, edited by Mr. F. A. Milne, dealing with the counties of Hants, Hereford, Herts, and Huntingdon, and carefully selected like the rest of the topographical set, with the indispensable index.

From the same publisher we have the new half-yearly volume of the *Antiquary*, full of good matter, as usual, and combining not a few of the features of Mr. Sylvanus Urban's magazine with those of a present-day chronicle of the archaeological world.

Messrs. Dent & Co.'s new edition of the works of Defoe, edited by Mr. G. A. Aitken, is to be completed in sixteen volumes, the first three of which, comprising the two parts of

"Robinson Crusoe" and the "Serious Reflections," are to hand. They are admirably printed, charmingly got-up, in two styles of binding (that in green cloth is our choice, though both are good), with illustrations by Mr. John Yeats, who is successful in not recalling previous illustrations of "Robinson." In his introductory sketch of Defoe's life and work, Mr. Aitken deals sensibly with those moral critics who reprehensively regard Defoe as a great liar. We confess we care nothing whether the "apparition" story of Mrs. Veal be a "true relation" in fiction or a true relation in fact. A thing may be true outside the letter, and we have not yet met that hardy critic who has convicted Defoe's "truth" of falsity.

Yet another "Recitation" handbook has appeared, from which we may judge that the reciter abounds among us, though we know it not. "The Young Elocutionist" (Blackie & Son), of Mr. John Forsyth, is one of the least pretentious of its kind, yet in practical value, it seems to us, by no means least. The illustrative exercises on inflection, gesture, modulation, and the rest, are exemplary and sound. The "Selections" are, of course, extremely miscellaneous, and drawn from all kinds of writers, great and small.

Inventors and patentees, vexed by the complexity of the law, may turn for solace to the little guide and handbook by Mr. Robert E. Phillips with the attractive title "One Thousand Patent Facts" (Iliffe & Co.), which is a digest of useful information relating to protection of inventions, registration of designs, and trade marks in all countries. The information is given in terms that are wonderfully concise. The book possesses that most necessary feature—a good index.

Messrs. F. Sander & Co., of St. Albans, forward their illustrated "Catalogue of New Orchids" for 1895, orchids now offered for the first time, and all, with few exceptions, raised by the firm at St. Albans, or introduced through their collectors in foreign parts. Among the new examples figured are *Phaius Owenianus*, the best hybrid of 1894, the splendid *Cattleya Prince of Wales* and *C. Lord Rothschild*, with other winners of first-class certificates during the last season. In the same Catalogue we have Messrs. Sander's "New Plants for 1895," including their new variety of *Bougainvillea glabra*, and other striking novelties.

Packed with useful information is Messrs. Gordon & Gotch's "Australian Handbook" for 1895, a directory and business guide for all who have dealings with the Australian colonies, New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea. Although mainly designed for men of business, shippers and importers, this handbook is an admirable all-round book of reference. The maps and plans are numerous, drawn to a liberal scale, and most legibly printed. Among other notable features, we must mention the descriptive sketches of each colony, historical and other summaries, all of which are capably written, the excellent key-maps of mail routes and railroads, useful gazetteers, and well-arranged statistical tables.

In Messrs. Bell's re-issue of "Bohn's Novelists' Library" we have more reprints of famous novels, comprising Smollett's "Roderick Random," one volume, and "Peregrine Pickle," in two, both with Cruikshank's illustrations, and prefaced with memoir, portrait, and bibliographies.

Messrs. Sutton & Sons send in their useful "Farmer's Year-Book and Grazier's Manual" for 1895, comprising a descriptive illustrated catalogue of farm seeds of all kinds, grass seeds for permanent or temporary pastures, turnips, mangels, and other field crops, with a reprint, in part, of Mr. Martin Sutton's interesting lecture on the "Conversion of Arable Land to Grass" addressed to the Farmers' Club a fortnight since.

We have also received a new edition of "Society in China," by Robert K. Douglas (Innes & Co.), a most valuable and delightful book; "Hints on Billiards," by J. P. Buchanan (Bell & Sons), a handbook that is genuinely practical in guidance and instruction, with excellent illustrative diagrams; "The Aims of Literary Study," by Hiram Corson, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.); "Notes on British Guiana and the Gold Industry," by H. I. Perkins, Government Land Department, Georgetown, Demerara (Waterlow & Sons), with maps and plans; "The Dawn of Civilization," by J. C. Spence (Watts & Co.); "The Needs of a Happy Life," by Edward Howley (Digby, Long & Co.); "A Daughter of Judas," by Richard Henry (Routledge); "Fragments from Victor Hugo's Legends and Lyrics," by Cecilia Elizabeth Meeker (Digby, Long & Co.); "A Blind Man's Love," by Laurence John (Drane); "On Respiration in Singing," by Dr. Joal, translated by R. Norris Wolfenden, M.D. (Rebman); "Burke's Speeches on American Taxation, Conciliation with America, and Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," edited by F. G. Selby, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); "The Question of the Houses," by Charles A. Houfe (Constable & Co.); "The 'Agricola' and 'Germania' of Tacitus," translated by B. B. Townshend, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); and the "Sixth Book of Livy," edited by E. S. Weymouth, M.A., and G. F. Hamilton, R.A. (Bell & Sons), school edition, with notes, introduction, and maps.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

WITH regard to the *Fortnightly* for March, the reviewing of the reviews must be, more than is usually the case, an inspection *pour servir*, since the *Fortnightly* contains at least ten articles upon the most varied themes, all interesting, and almost all of the kind that moves us to something more than the passing comment which is possible at this time. M. Augustin Filon leads off with a bright sketch, weighted with no sort of gravity whatever, of "Presidents and Politics in France," which is apologetic and sanguine with respect to M. Casimir-Périer, and somewhat flippantly disdainful of M. Félix Faure. The President, we are advised, may endure his position for a few months, if he can command the energy that does nothing, the eloquence of silence, the luck of *not* getting stabbed, and, above all, if he can escape the patronage of the Pope and the Duke of Orleans. Mr. T. W. Russell's dealing with the "Irish Land Bill" is agreeably frank and direct, and can leave Mr. Morley in no doubt as to what Mr. Russell requires of him. It all looks so simple and facile (like thought-reading, in fact) that Mr. Morley, on whom Mr. Russell bestows some approving pats by the way, may feel some surprise to see his mind and objects so clearly anticipated. Mr. Escott contributes a capital sketch of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Mackay a solid and valuable paper on "Politics and the Poor Law." We would, if space permitted, deal at length with Mr. Henry Irving's ingenious address, "Acting: an Art," and are strongly tempted to wrestle with Mr. Traill, and risk a fall, on his criticism of "Two Modern Poets." Mr. A. R. Wallace continues his investigations into "The Method of Organic Evolution"; Major Arthur Griffiths deals in a pleasant fashion with his experiences of the past winter at Biskra; Mr. Claude Phillips discusses the New Gallery exhibition of Venetian art; and the Rev. William Gresswell deals with the present unhappy estate of our oldest colony in "The Crisis in Newfoundland."

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Laird Clowes argues in favour of the withdrawal from the Mediterranean of the British fleet, and the abandonment of all places occupied by Great Britain to the East of Gibraltar and West of Bab-el-Mandeb. It is an excellent article, and well worth serious consideration. Mr. Huxley contributes the first chapter of a characteristic onslaught upon Mr. Balfour's recent attack on Agnosticism, in the course of which he entirely repudiates Mr. Balfour's portrait of Agnosticism. There is the promise of an exceedingly lively encounter in this instalment, and it is not necessary to say that there is quite as much of attack as of defence in Mr. Huxley's strategy. Among other notable articles we must mention Mr. Bernard Holland's, "On the Legal Disabilities of Trades Unions"; Canon Teignmouth Shore's, "What is Church Authority?" a reply to Canon Carter's criticism of the writer's recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* on auricular confession; and an interesting paper by Mr. J. H. Schooling, on "Written Gesture," illustrated by comparative signatures.

Mr. Fletcher Moulton, in the *Contemporary*, puts in "A Plea for Action," with regard to the attitude of the Commons towards the House of Lords, and in succession to his "Plea for Deliberation" of last month. More power to the Commons' elbow is what Mr. Moulton desires. He would smooth the legislative road, and simplify procedure. In short, the House of Commons needs to be reformed, which is precisely what has been suggested to a great many people by the talk of ending or mending the House of Lords. Mr. Moulton indicates several reforms, and especially is he unfriendly towards "the almost unlimited power of proposing amendments under Committee and Report stages." It is this power, he contends, that serves as the cloak for obstruction. On the other hand, through it much of the most useful work of the House is carried on. Mr. Moulton admits as much, but would give the House "the reasonable privilege" of deciding when it has had enough of amendments. Mr. William Archer weighs the music-hall and its "art" in the balance, and finds the art wanting in all the qualities of art. It is so utterly "despicable," he thinks, that it must be "below the intellectual level of even the average audience." This is a trifle hard on people who go to music-halls, not from artistic impulse, but in search of recreation. They do not indulge in the common cant about "art," and will rightly regard with suspicion Mr. Archer's advocacy of the London County Council as a censorial body. "The Manchester School," by Mr. Goldwin Smith, is an able and not overstrained piece of apologetics. We must also name Vernon Lee's paper on Emerson as "Transcendentalist and Utilitarian," and the anonymous "Experiences of an Anglican Catholic," as worthy of attention.

In the *National*, Mr. Balfour's new book finds in Mr. Benjamin Kidd another critic, and one much less trenchant than Mr. Huxley. Mr. Kidd is good enough to recognize that the "Foundations of Belief" is "not the work of an outsider." Sir Herbert Maxwell's sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill's career is well-judged. Mr. A. C. Benson, in "The Future of Poetry," writes of a great master "whose loss we now deplore," "a poet as good as Keats," and a "novelist as great as Sir

Walter Scott." The distemperature of eulogy could not surpass this ridiculous verdict.

Mr. G. W. Steevens, in the *New Review*, discusses Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" with much appreciation, though by no means in entire acquiescence with all Mr. Balfour's conclusions. Unlike Mr. Huxley, who takes the term to embrace all systems of philosophy that exclude the supernatural, Mr. Steevens accepts "Naturalism" as Mr. Balfour defines it, and finds that it is "hewn asunder" and "riddled to shreds," overthrown and trampled upon, by Mr. Balfour. Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's article on the British naval preparation, "The Passing of England," does not belie the promise of its title, since it bristles with alarums and is doleful with croakings. Among other readable articles we must mention one on Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Whibley's "Two Thieves," and Mr. George Wyndham's "The Poetry of the Prison."

The Grafton Gallery exhibition has suggested to a writer in *Blackwood's* an excellent review of the "Scottish School of Painting," from the days of George Jameson to the present time. For "Junius" we must read "Lord Lyttelton" in Mr. Lang's title, "Did Junius commit Suicide?" of an interesting examination into the evidence of the well-known story of Lord Lyttelton's death and ghostly warning. As to the suicide, there is only Croker's unsupported statement in its favour, and that is worth nothing. Mr. Meldrum's charming tale, "The Touch of Spring," is one of the most delightful items of an excellent number. Admirable, also, in another fashion, are the articles on "Salmon Fishing in Norway," and "Arab Men and Arab Horses."

Temple Bar is a good number, and contains further "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble," some graceful deprecatory stanzas, "To One who bids me Sing," by Mr. Austin Dobson, and some extremely interesting reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson, by his old schoolfellow, Mr. Bellyse Baildon.

In *Macmillan's* this month we find not merely variety but excellence in the variety. "The Sancho Panza of Madagascar" is an agreeable sketch of a romantic episode in the history of the African island. "Robert Southey" is the subject of a discriminating article by Mr. Saintsbury. The suggestion made by the writer of "The Transformation of the Black Country," is decidedly worthy of consideration by those who can make it good. Not a little might be done to "re-beautify" parts of that abandoned country.

SCIENTIFIC NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Year-Book of Treatment for 1895." By various Authors. Cassell & Co.

AS doctors differ, not only among themselves, but naturally as their science progresses, this annual handbook of new remedies and new operations is most valuable. The names of the contributors is a guarantee that the work has been done carefully. It is interesting to notice, as showing the trend of current medicine to anti-toxins, that Dr. Sydney Phillips devotes twelve pages to the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, and only thirteen lines to "testimony adverse to it." Among his practical deductions is the advice that in every case of suspected diphtheria an injection of anti-toxin should be made. "Should the case prove to be diphtheria, no time will have been lost; should it not, no harm will have been done. Where children are admitted into a ward containing cases of diphtheria, the early injection is especially desirable." Does the *British Medical Journal* consider that the antitoxin treatment is in a position to justify such wholesale experiment? In another case of anti-toxins, the anti-toxin for tetanus, the writer, Dr. Ernest Reynolds, quotes three foreign cases where recovery took place after use of the anti-toxin, but he does not mention the English case, quoted in the *British Medical Journal* last year, where the surgeon insisted that, although recovery had followed his use of the injections, he did not regard the result as establishing the causal action of the anti-toxin.

"The Teacher's Manual of Lessons in Elementary Science." By H. Major, B.A., B.Sc. Blackie & Sons. 1894.

From the press notices of educational journals, on another work by Mr. Major, which are reprinted as a flyleaf in the volume before us, we gather that that gentleman is a person of distinction in the educational world. Mr. Major's present intention is to provide such condensed information as teachers may be able to dilute for their classes. Glancing through the book, we came on the statements that the whale has four flippers (all of them have but two), that "the chief kinds of sparrows are the field, song, tree, chirping, and snow sparrows, and the sparrow-hawk," that the lizard is one of the creeping animals, that the alligator and the crocodile belong to the lizard tribe, that the emu is one of the typical birds of the New World. Such are they who find honour in the educational press.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Next Week's Concerts. THURSDAY and SATURDAY PROMENADE CONCERTS at 8. Vocalists on March 14th: Madame Emily Squire, Mr. Edwin Wareham, and Mr. Harrison Brockbank. On Saturday, March 16th (St. Patrick's Eve, Irish Night): Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Lucie Johnstone, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and Mr. Charles Manners. Thousands of Free Seats, Reserved Seats, 6d. **FOURTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, MARCH 16th**, at 3. Vocalists: Miss Thudichum, Mr. Edward Branscombe, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, and the Crystal Palace Choir. The Grand Orchestra. Conductor: Dr. C. Hubert Parry. The programme will include Dr. Parry's Oratorio "JOB" for treble, tenor, baritone, and bass solo; Chorus and Orchestra; and first performance of "Young Lochinvar," a Ballad for Chorus and Orchestra, composed by Archibald Davidson Arnott. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s.; Unnumbered 1s. Saturday, March 16th. ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SPRING FLOWERS AND PLANTS, no extra charge.

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LEASEHOLD AND CAPITAL REDEMPTION POLICIES are granted, securing payment of a sum at the expiration of a fixed period.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Moderate rates of Premium. Large Bonuses, including Interim Bonuses. Policies Whole World and Indisputable.

DEATH DUTIES. Special forms of Policies have been prepared in order to enable the owners of property to make provision for the new **ESTATE DUTY**. Full particulars will be forwarded on application.

Prospectuses, Proposal Forms, and Statements of Accounts, may be had on application to
ROBERT LEWIS, Chief Secretary.

PALL MALL CLUB, 6A Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

ESTABLISHED (1893) FOR SOCIAL PURPOSES ONLY.
Town Members £3 5s. per annum. Country Members £1 1s. per annum. During March 500 new Members will be elected at the nominal Entrance Fee of 10s. for Town Members, and 2s. for Country Members. For further particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the above address.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Chief Office:—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

SUMMARY of the REPORT presented at the FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING, held on 7th March, 1895.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued during the year was 61,744, assuring the sum of £6,282,120, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £339,957.

The Premiums received during the year were £2,077,956, being an increase of £223,586 over the year 1893.

The Claims of the year amounted to £518,131. The number of Deaths was 3,584, and 198 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 375,545.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premiums received during the year were £4,244,224, being an increase of £272,360.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,546,377. The number of Deaths was 168,689, and 1,304 Endowment Assurances matured.

The number of Free Policies granted during the year to those Policyholders of five years' standing, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 66,478, the number in force being 398,078. The number of Free Policies which became claims during the year was 6,672.

The total number of Policies in force at the end of the year was 11,176,661; their average duration is nearly seven and a half years.

The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the Balance Sheet, are £21,213,805, being an increase of £2,674,940 over those of 1893. A supplement showing in detail the various investments is published with this report.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET of the PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited, on the 31st December, 1894.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Shareholders Capital	700,000	0 0	British Government Securities (Consols)	2,208,377	11 9
Ordinary Branch Funds	9,499,379	12 0	Railway and other Debentures and Debenture Stock	2,067,806	18 1
Industrial Branch Funds	10,975,244	18 9	Loans, County Council, Municipal and other Rates	5,500,322	4 9
Claims under Life Policies admitted	39,180	10 6	Freehold Ground Rents and Scotch Feu Duties	2,482,077	18 9
			Mortgages	2,485,044	19 11
			Metropolitan Consolidated Stock, and City of London Bonds	349,245	13 0
			Bank of England Stock	167,337	0 1
			Freehold and Leasehold Property	1,196,248	8 4
			Indian and Colonial Government Securities	1,811,899	15 8
			Reversions	194,349	10 3
			Railway and other Shares	1,436,831	8 11
			Loans on the Company's Policies	314,981	9 3
			Rent Charges	100,357	5 10
			Outstanding Premiums	390,888	0 6
			Cash in hands of Superintendents, and Agents' Balances	50,307	12 10
			Outstanding Interest and Rents	187,862	3 0
			Cash—on current accounts, and in hand	270,067	0 4
				£21,213,804	19 3

THOS. C. DEWEY, }
WILLIAM HUGHES, } *Managers.*
W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

EDGAR HORNE, *Chairman.*
HENRY HARBEN, }
PERCY T. REID, } *Directors.*

We have examined the Cash transactions, Receipts and Payments, affecting the accounts of the Assets and Investments for the year ended December 31st, 1894, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched. We have also examined the Deeds and Securities, Certificates, &c., representing the Assets and Investments set out in the above account, and we certify that they were in possession and safe custody as on December 31st, 1894.

20th February, 1895.

DEVOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & Co.

SHIPPING.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: }
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. Fenchurch Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY . . . every week.
CALCUTTA, MADRAS, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, NAPLES, ALEXANDRIA . . . every fortnight.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 129 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 FILL MALL, S.W.

Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds, £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, *General Manager.*

THE
ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,
19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.
SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His Grace THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

Chairman—SIR EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—COLONEL FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.

APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

ROYAL SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
105 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.

PATRONS.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES.

PRESIDENT.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

Chairman of Committee—SIR GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P.

Treasurers—SIR GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P., and R. RUTHVEN PYM, Esq.

Bankers—COUTTS & CO., Strand, London.

Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

- I. By supplying early information to the Secretary of all acts of cruelty that have been witnessed.
- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

Trained Officers are despatched to all parts of the Kingdom.

The operations of the Society draw from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions. The Committee need much greater assistance, and unless such additional support be extended to them, this most righteous cause of humanity must suffer from insufficiency of means to carry out those many urgent measures which every well-wisher of this Society has so deeply at heart.

Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

SUPPORTED ONLY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The labour of other charities is divided among many Associations; but this Charity stands alone—the Defender of the defenceless—without any assistance.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

Patrons.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

The object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & CO., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, Chairman.

E. EVANS CRONK, Secretary.

THE LIST FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL OPEN ON FRIDAY, 8th MARCH, 1895, at 10 a.m., and CLOSE THE SAME DAY at 4 p.m. for LONDON, and at 12 noon on SATURDAY for the COUNTRY.

"This property is considered the *Show Mine* of the White Feather District, and is one of the gems of the entire Coolgardie Goldfields."—Meiklejohn (see Report).

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN EXPLORING & FINANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTION THE FOLLOWING ISSUE—

GOLDEN CROWN, LIMITED,

White Feather District, Coolgardie Goldfields, Western Australia.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES ACTS, 1862 TO 1890.

CAPITAL - - - £100,000

IN 100,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH,

WHICH ARE NOW OFFERED FOR PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR.

Payable Two Shillings and Sixpence per Share on Application, Seven Shillings and Sixpence per Share on Allotment, Five Shillings per Share 15th May, 1895, and Five Shillings per Share 15th July, 1895.

The Entire Cash Capital required by the Company (including £25,000 Working Capital) having been guaranteed by the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, and other responsible parties, the Directors will proceed to allotment on Monday, 11th March, 1895. Priority of allotment will be given to Shareholders in the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, and the remaining Shares will be allotted to other Applicants.

DIRECTORS.

The Hon. HOWARD SPENSLEY (formerly Solicitor-General of Victoria, Australia, and Chairman Mainland Consols, Limited), 4 Bolton Gardens West, South Kensington, S.W. *Chairman.*
Lieut.-General the Hon. SOMERSET J. GOUGH-CALTHORPE (Director West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited), 16 Queen's Gate Place, S.W.
LORD DOUGLAS, of Hawick and Tibbers (late of Perth, Western Australia), Surbiton.
Lieut.-Col. EDMUND C. CRADOCK-HARTOPP (Director Mainland Consols, Limited), Copsewood, Walton-on-the-Hill, Epsom.
WILLIAM LONSDALE, Esq. (Director Kanowna Gold Mining Company, Limited), Hutton-roof, Eastbourne.

BANKERS.

LONDON:—PRES-COTT, DIMSDALE, CAVE, TUGWELL & CO., LIMITED, 59 Cornhill, E.C.
AUSTRALIA:—THE UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, Perth, and other Branches in Western Australia.

BROKERS.

Messrs. HAGGARD, HALE & PIXLEY, 26 Austin Friars, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Messrs. HARDIE & TURNBULL, 42 George Street, Edinburgh.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. BURN & BERRIDGE, 11 Old Broad Street, E.C.

CONSULTING ENGINEER IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

CHARLES KAUFMAN, Esq., M.E., St. George's Terrace, Perth.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. MONKHOUSE, GODDARD & CO., 29 St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (per tem.).

C. F. SHACKEL, Esq., 54 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and working three Gold Mining Leases now known as the GOLDEN CROWN group, situate in the celebrated White Feather district of the Coolgardie Goldfields, Western Australia. The property includes the three leases known as the GOLDEN CROWN, CAMBRIA, and SALISBURY, numbered respectively 162 and 174 (now consolidated into lease number 645), and 472, comprising a total area of 26 acres, or thereabouts.

Mr. W. CLARKE, M.E., of Coolgardie, in his Reports on the GOLDEN CROWN, CAMBRIA, and SALISBURY Mines, made several months ago, before the more recent remarkable developments, and submitted by the Vendors to the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, amongst other things, states:

GOLDEN CROWN.—"Two shafts and one open cut have been sunk. No. 1 shaft is sunk to a depth of 32 feet on underlay of lode, which is 1 in 3. East lode is 15 inches to 2 feet 6 inches wide, showing gold in both ends of shaft from surface to bottom. In bottom of this shaft I have broken bulk samples of stone from reef, which here is 2 feet 6 inches wide, and obtained a result of 12 ozs. 13 dwts. 10 grs. to the ton. Open cut is situated one chain south of No. 1 shaft, and is 8 feet down in deepest place. Lode here is 22 inches wide, and bulk samples taken by me gave a result of 10 ozs. 7 dwts. per ton. No. 2 shaft is two chains south of No. 1, 18 feet 6 inches deep. Size of lode here varies from 18 inches to 2 feet 4 inches, and shows gold in both ends from surface to bottom. Bulk samples taken from bottom gave 11 ozs. 7 dwts. 10 grs. to the ton. Strike of lode is north, 20 degrees west, and is traceable on surface from southern boundary to within about two chains of northern boundary, showing gold on outcrop for the whole distance."

CAMBRIA.—"There are two shafts on this property, No. 1 being now 23 feet 3 inches deep. Size of lode in bottom is 3 feet 4 inches, underlay 14 in 3. East reef shows nice coarse gold in end of shaft, and bulk sample gave a result of 2 ozs. 4 dwts. per ton. No. 2 shaft, about five chains south of No. 1, is down 15 feet 6 inches, and only just cut reef, which is 2 feet 10 inches wide; bulk sample gave result of 1 oz. 19 dwts. per ton. Strike of lode is north 10 degrees west. * * The whole of the stone is a good milling ore, entirely free from base metals."

"I consider the reefs on these properties to be true fissure lodes, and will with small outlay for battery, &c., pay handsomely at once. The above-mentioned results, obtained from bulk samples, which were a fair average of the whole reef in each instance, and only dolled and washed, speak for themselves and render further comment from me unnecessary."

In regard to the SALISBURY, Mr. CLARKE, amongst other things, reports: "This lease is situated between the Cambria and Kanowna claims, as shown in plan accompanying my report on Golden Crown and Cambria properties, where it will be seen that the Cambria reef must run through this lease, and a shaft is now being sunk to cut this reef, which should be done in from 30 to 35 feet. The Golden Crown reef must also go through portions of this lease, but at the time of my visit no work had been done to cut it. Both of these reefs having an easterly underlay and being on your western boundary, you will have the benefit of the whole of these lodes in your property, and as they have both shown good gold wherever opened up on, there can be no doubt as to their being payable when cut."

"Three chains from your Eastern and five from your Northern boundary a leader has been opened up on; good gold has been obtained here, and samples taken by me gave a result of 5 ozs. 4 dwts. 3 grs. per ton. One chain and 30 links north, 40 degrees west, a second leader has been opened up, which also shows nice coarse gold, and samples tried by me gave a result of 6 ozs. 9 dwts. 17 grs. per ton. * * A rich patch of alluvial has been worked on this lease, and there is no doubt that this gold has been shed from the many reefs and leaders above referred to."

"Timber is easily available for all mining purposes, and water should be got at a shallow depth."

"From its position I am sure that this property must be a very valuable one, and only a small amount of capital will be required for sinking shafts to cut the two principal reefs."

Mr. JOHN MEIKLEJOHN, late Manager of the GOLDEN CROWN, in a recent Report for the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, states:—"This property is considered the *Show Mine* of the White Feather District, and is one of the gems of the entire Coolgardie Goldfields."

"The property contains two reefs, one reef being originally named the Cambria, and the other the Golden Crown, but both are now comprised in Lease 645."

"The CAMBRIA is a strongly defined lode running north by 10 degrees west, with an easterly underlay. Two shafts have been sunk on this reef, one close to the northern boundary, and the other close to the southern boundary, proving the reef at each end of the lease. The northern shaft is sunk to a depth of 30 feet, and shows a true fissure vein with an average width of 3 feet 6 inches, dollying stone showing in various parts of the shaft, the bulk of the stone carrying fine gold. The southern shaft is sunk 48 feet, the reef here being 4 feet 6 inches at the bottom, and exposing a laminated stone of a splendid free-milling character—the reef throughout being permeated with fine gold. The latest bulk samples taken by me from the various parts of this reef averaged 3 ozs. 3 dwts. per ton."

"The GOLDEN CROWN reef is the richer reef, and on account of that the most labour has been expended on it. This is a true fissure vein running parallel to the Cambria and with the same underlay. An open slope has proved very rich gold for over 500 feet in length, showing high grade ore the entire extent, gold being visible freely in the stone. The south shaft has been sunk 59 feet, and shows here a strongly-defined lode averaging 3 feet in width, the gold being evenly distributed throughout. The northern shaft is down a depth of 40 feet, and driven for some distance displaying very rich stone, averaging 3 feet 8 inches in width. During the time that the work has been in progress a great deal of gold has been extracted by dollying, out of which all expenses have been paid, and a handsome profit in addition secured. A splendid feature in this reef is that as depth is attained it greatly improves, as the best gold that has been met with so far shows in the deepest part of the workings."

"A plentiful supply of good mining timber is procurable within easy distance of the property. The water difficulty at the White Feather district is practically settled, as many of the surrounding mines in this neighbourhood have got water from depths of 50 ft. and upwards."

"I must congratulate you on securing such a valuable property. I assure you that the future of this mine is being watched with eager interest by all on the Coolgardie Goldfields, as it is known as one of the richest yet discovered."

The Manager of the Coolgardie branch of the UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, who took over the GOLDEN CROWN property on behalf of the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, in a letter to the Head Office in London, wrote:—"A Mine Manager has been temporarily appointed to superintend the working of the leases. . . . I am informed that the Company's representative is expected on the Fields shortly, and shall be pleased when he arrives; meantime the men have been employed sinking a main shaft on the Golden Crown, and I have had the shaft from which the prospectors were getting the gold battered down, as the stone is too rich to raise unless some responsible person is on the property."

Mr. CHARLES KAUFMAN, M.E., who was specially instructed to examine and report on the GOLDEN CROWN Lease for the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, in a cable Report received by the Corporation, states:—"Golden Crown mine situated White Feather, a distance of forty miles from Coolgardie, N.E. The elevation of mine is 1,500 feet. The vein formation favourable. The country rock is conglomerate diorite, a true and well-defined fissure vein running north and south. The vein dips east at an angle of 45. Average width of the vein is a foot 6 inches—a well-defined vein. The vein has been proven up for a length of 550 feet. There are two shafts in the mine. The shaft is on the incline of the vein 60 feet. Have driven levels for a distance of 12 feet—distance from the shaft to another inclined shaft 205 feet. Depth of incline, 45 feet. The level is driven in 22 feet. Winze has been sunk 12 feet. The grade of ore is very good. Open cuts and trial shafts 70 feet and 90 feet by 9 feet deep full of visible free gold; rich quartz against the footwall and against the hanging wall. I estimate the ore in sight at 4,000 tons, 3 ozs. 10 dwts. to the ton. Measurement of the dump, 360 tons. I estimate the value of the ore at £56,000 in sight, in addition to the alluvial gold found outside the vein formation, quite unexpected in extent."

Having regard to the valuable developments and the extent of the ore already in sight on the Golden Crown lease, as appears by the Report of Mr. Kaufman, the small purchase price in proportion thereto, and the opinion of Mr. Meiklejohn, that this lease is one of the gems of the entire Coolgardie Goldfields, the Directors feel justified in expressing their confidence that (irrespective of the value of the Salisbury lease) handsome dividends will accrue to the Shareholders as soon as the property is equipped with an appropriate plant of crushing and milling machinery, which it is their intention to erect forthwith.

The purchase price of the property has been fixed by the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, who are the Vendors and Promoters of the Company, at £75,000, payable as to £45,000 in cash, and as to £30,000 in cash or fully-paid shares, or partly in cash and partly in fully-paid shares. £25,000 will be provided for Working Capital. The Vendors have agreed to pay all the expenses of forming and establishing the Company up to allotment, other than its legal expenses of and incidental to the registration of the Company.

The following contracts have been entered into:—An Agreement dated the 4th October, 1894, between David Murray of the one part, and the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, of the other part, and an Agreement dated the 5th March, 1895, between the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, Limited, of the one part, and Charles Lloyd, as Trustee for this Company, of the other part. Agreements have been entered into with third parties in respect of the formation of the Company and the underwriting of part of its capital, to none of which the Company is a party, and applicants for Shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have waived their right (if any) to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise. The above-mentioned Agreements, original Reports, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Applications for Shares should be made on, or in accordance with, the form enclosed in the Prospectus, and sent with the required deposit to the Bankers of the Company. If the number of Shares applied for by any applicant be not allotted, the surplus of the amount paid on deposit will be appropriated (towards the amount due on allotment, and where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. Prospectuses and Application Forms may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and also of the Bankers and Brokers.

LONDON, 6th March, 1895.

SECOND EDITION.

ELDER CONKLIN;
AND OTHER STORIES.

By FRANK HARRIS.

1 vol. price 6s.

Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE says:

"The manner or technical element in Mr. Harris's stories seems to me beyond criticism. The severity with which he confines himself to saying things, instead of talking about them, is wholly admirable. Kipling never did anything better than the two short stories, 'Eatin' Crow' and 'The Best Man in Garotte,' that is to say, the kind of thing—which was thoroughly worth doing—could not have been done better. The interest is human and heroic, and the execution perfect. . . . It requires an eye which has been sharpened by a life devoted to finish of expression to discern how great and vigorous have been the labour and faculty expended in this volume. It is a work of real and rare genius, greatly, to my thinking, misapplied. Morbid anatomy, except in so far as it helps by contrast to glorify health, has no place in true art; and a very large proportion of this book is devoted to morbid anatomy without any adequate presentation of the contrast of health."

Professor DOWDEN says:

"Demonstrations in spiritual anatomy—that is the most exact description which can be given in a word of Mr. Frank Harris's stories. They are not deficient in action, vigorously rendered into narrative; but the action is so contrived as to be essentially the depicting of character; and the narrator stands above and apart from both events and personages, laying bare muscle and nerve with an unflinching scalpel. The anatomist does not indulge in any tender emotion towards the subject of his demonstrations; but it is intensely interesting to remove the superficial layers and expose to view the deeper structures. A keen eye and a hand that can be both bold and nice are needed for success; neither rhetoric nor sentiment can assist the demonstrator."

TIMES.

"These ably conceived and ably written stories seem to rank the late editor of the *Fortnightly* and new editor of the *Saturday* among the 'realists.' But let us not be misunderstood. Three of the six are simply 'realistic' as every narrative of incident should be, and therefore of themselves hardly suggest a distinctive label for Mr. Frank Harris's work. They betray unmistakably the influence of Mr. Bret Harte; nor are we sure that that writer has given us more characteristic or graphic pictures of the society of frontier township and mining camp than we find in 'The Sheriff and his Partner,' 'Eatin' Crow,' and 'The Best Man in Garotte.' The three remaining stories—still American and of the Western States—are more complex. They are sufficiently rich in incident, but incident is subordinated to character, and the mind is strung up to high tension by the spectacle of warring impulses and tottering virtue."

DAILY CHRONICLE.

"Mr. Frank Harris's 'Elder Conklin'—perhaps the best piece of work of the year."

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

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